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The Listener

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B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXIV. No. 1639.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1960

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The ancient citadel of Prague, seen from the Carlos Bridge

Douglas Dickins

A Traveller in Czechoslovakia

By V. S. Pritchett

Britain's 'Service Economy'

By Nicholas A. H. Stacey

Scientists: Real or Imaginary?

By T. L. Cottrell

Canterbury: the Happy City

By Ian Nairn

Three Ways to Shakespeare

By George Watson

Michael Jaffé on Van Dyck's drawings

Felix Aprahamian on Walton's new symphony

OIL'S NEW GEOLOGY

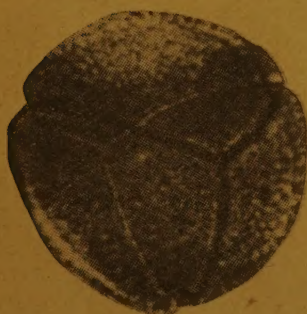
Geologists in the service of oil have added much to their science. Their concept of the sedimentary or "oil" basin stretching across the continents is resulting today in important discoveries like those in the Sahara. Sedimentology is the study of the sediments in the basins to determine where the oil was formed, where it has migrated and accumulated. Sedimentology involves the study of contemporary deposits (muds, silts and sands laid down off-shore or at sea) as a guide to conditions in geological time. Palynology, the study of the spores of fossil plants and their distribution, is another novel approach. The petroleum industry joins British universities in speeding research to help the discovery of tomorrow's oil.



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*Above and below: Plant Spores from Tertiary
Beds, Venezuela, 800 Magnification*



Fossil sun cracks, like these in a British estuary, are found in rocks 200 million years old

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The Listener

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A Commercial Revolution

NICHOLAS A. H. STACEY on Britain's 'service economy'

B RITAIN has recently become what is known as a service economy. By that I mean she now employs more people in the service and distributive industries than in manufacturing; with productivity in the manufacturing industries increasing, and more machines being used to supplement and to replace men, the manpower balance of the country has swung to the distributive and the service industries, such as banking, finance, and the professions generally. On the whole one can say that a service economy is a sophisticated stage of development of a country whose economy works on orthodox liberal lines. The large proportion of employment in services and distribution, which is in fact the result of the increased mechanization of production, tends to keep supply and demand for goods in better balance by maintaining continuity of demand. Even during a recession, demand may continue at a surprisingly high level in a service economy, and as a result the impact of a recession is now partly mitigated.

In using the term 'service economy' I do not mean only that the number of people working outside manufacturing industry is larger than the number producing goods; but also that the proportion is continuing to increase all the time in favour of the distributive and service industries. By this definition Britain, Sweden, and the United States, all advanced industrial powers, all have service economies. These three countries in fact employ more than half their working population outside manufacturing industry, either in the professions, in distributive trades, or in the service industries such as transport, laundries, cinemas, or hotels.

In this country, only about four out of ten people, that is less than half the working population, are employed in the manufacturing industries. The proportion in Sweden is about the same. It is much more extreme in the United States where it takes only one-quarter of the labour force to make the millions of motor-cars, the tens of millions of tinned goods, the many varieties of ballistic missiles and the other thousand-and-one manufactured goods that make up the massive United States economy.

In Britain it is since 1956 that the proportion of people employed in manufacturing has declined noticeably, while the number of people employed in distribution and in services has been increasing in relation to total employment. Between 1945 and 1959, manufacturing employment grew by one-eighth and employment in services like gas, electricity, and water rose considerably more, and employment in the distributive trades rose by as much as a fifth. This increase would have been greater had it not been for the introduction of supermarkets and self-service shops. In the United States, the development towards a service economy started in 1953, when manufacturing began to decline as a percentage of all employment. The growth of non-manufacturing employment in the United States has in fact been more than twice as rapid as in Britain.

The year 1958 may well have been a watershed in contemporary British economic history, for it was a crisis year when the ranks of the unemployed rose by over one-third. Notwithstanding, in that year personal incomes as well as consumer

expenditure rose by 5 per cent., and savings stayed near the record level of the previous year. This was something new. Rising unemployment and increasing consumer expenditure have in the past been contradictory trends. Did we not spend the second quarter of this century wondering how consumer expenditure could be reflationed and the unemployed put back to work? The spectacle of steeply rising unemployment, with almost constant high level consumer demand, has been seen at least twice in the United States since the war. During the 1954 American recession, factory employment dropped by 10 per cent. but personal incomes by only 1 per cent. Again, during the 1957-58 recession, unemployment at the depth of the recession rose by 44 per cent., yet personal incomes and consumer expenditure declined by only a little more than 1 per cent. But the second of these recessions revealed also that while consumer expenditure on durable and non-durable goods declined slightly, on services it actually rose by 10 per cent.

Lessons of the Nineteen-fifties

It is my belief that Anglo-American economic history since the recessions of the mid-nineteen-fifties shows that a mature industrial economy in which the service element is high and continuing to increase is more immune to economic ills. Fluctuations in demand will take their toll, but nowadays less than before, for today they are counteracted by transfer payments like unemployment aid, tax rebates, national assistance and stable dividend payments. In sum, as the history of recent recessions in Britain and in the States has shown, the bottom did not fall out of consumer demand and the recession did not develop into a slump. I attribute saving the economic position to three causes. First, improved stability of employment; second and arising from the first, improved stability of demand; these two supports lead to a third, the mitigation of inflation and deflation.

It is not difficult to see why there is comparative stability of employment in a service economy. Manufacturing industry is certainly the most volatile sector of employment. The easiest way out of a decline in demand for a manufactured product is to produce less and employ fewer people. Lack of demand is soon translated into redundancy in the manufacturing sector. But in this country the expansion of the non-manufacturing sector is continuing and relatively employment in manufacturing is on the decline. In other words, that part of the working population which is most likely to be hit by unemployment is diminishing in size in relation to all employment. Each area of manufacturing is employing proportionately fewer people and therefore, if it is hit by a slump, will cause the unemployment of a smaller number of people. This is not all. Growing mechanization and automation are likely to make for increased output, without a corresponding increase in employment. So it seems logical to assume that if demand declines in the future, manufacturing industry will use fewer machines rather than fewer men. In the long run, the rising efficiency of manufacturing industry and the growing proportion of employment in the service and distributive sectors are likely to work in the same direction—to a reduction in the area of potential unemployment.

Producer and Distributor

There has always been greater stability of employment in the distributive and service trades. In manufacturing, demand is concentrated on a specific range of products, comprising the total output of the manufacturer. In distribution, on the other hand, demand is spread over the entire range of the retailer's or wholesaler's varied stock and the stock consists of the goods of a large number of manufacturers. An example of the contrast between producer and distributor is the dress manufacturer. He may be out of business after a bad spring and rainy summer, while the department store, selling dresses among hundreds of other items, may have made a record profit during that period by selling other merchandise. In another field, the sluggish sale of a new type of garden tool, for instance, may seriously endanger the stability of the firm producing it, but the ironmonger's business is unlikely to be seriously affected. This is in fact why shop assistants do not often lose their jobs after a slow or indifferent season of trading.

There is the same stability of employment in either the profes-

sional or trading service. The books of companies have to be audited, irrespective of the state of their profit-and-loss account; the school teacher is not likely to be redundant in the nineteen-sixties when the war-time bulge of school children have finished their secondary education.

So a service economy brings with it greater stability in employment and in demand. But more support than this is needed if the service economy is to give the country a better economic balance in the future. Inflationary and deflationary tendencies are with us all the time, depending on whether the economy is working full out or taking a breather. It is essential to keep these movements within bounds and under control, and the service economy can help in this direction. Deflation can be partially overcome by the continuing expenditure of those usefully employed at times of crisis. In the future, the incomes and expenditure of those in the occupationally tranquil sectors of employment—in distribution and in the services—will prevent a sharp fall in demand which would be followed by a drop in prices. In America in 1957-58 there was an undiminished flow of consumer spending, particularly by those employed outside manufacturing. This cleared the shelves of accumulated stocks of goods, thus allowing production and employment to move into higher gear. Much the same thing happened in Britain in 1958, and the Treasury cautiously commented in April 1959 that 'it is likely that activity in distribution rose again and helped to offset the slight fall in industrial activity'.

What about Inflation?

So much for the ways in which the service economy halts or slows down deflation. But what about inflation? It seems to me that neither in the United States nor in Great Britain has re-expansion brought inflation. In Britain, the index of retail prices fell constantly between January and October 1959; since then it has risen by 1 per cent. The demand for additional output has not triggered off a scramble for labour, which would have brought wage inflation with it. Extra output has been obtained as much by a gradual reabsorption of labour in industry as by the rationalization of production during the lull period. It seems that if declining demand in the future means stopping more machines than men, then increasing demand means that more machines are brought back into production; as a result there will be fuller employment of labour already on the books, and a small amount of recruitment.

The fact that Britain now has a service economy is going to mean a difference of emphasis to the entrepreneur as well as the employee. Productivity in distribution and the services grows less fast than in manufacturing. Over the past ten years productivity in manufacturing rose by 76 per cent., whereas it only rose in the distributive industries by 43 per cent. If productivity in distribution continues to grow more slowly than in manufacturing, then the greater the demand for distributive and service facilities, the more people will be employed in them. But as we have seen more people are already employed in Britain today in distribution and the service trades than in manufacturing. Since productivity increases are hard to obtain, pay increases born of added productivity will be slower in distribution and in many of the services than in manufacturing. This can already be seen. One has only to compare the present-day earnings in manufacturing industry with earnings in shops, laundries, or in some sectors of transport to see the practical effects of differing productivities.

With increasing demand, and a slow growth of productivity in distribution, the distributive and service element will grow in relation to total employment. Not all services will grow: in fact, some of them will decline. Take certain types of transport, for instance; employment in the foreseeable future will tend to grow in branches like air and sea transport, but the decline is likely to continue on the railways. A less obvious example is Britain's *entrepôt* trade, a kind of wholesaling service for exports. It has declined from one-fifth of the total export trade in the eighteen-eighties to one twenty-fifth in the nineteen-fifties. The fact is simply that some trades, some industries, and some services decline, and others rise to take their place.

In past decades, an important component of the service trades

(continued on page 322)

A Traveller in Czechoslovakia

By V. S. PRITCHETT

WE had just landed at Prague airport. The girl in the khaki uniform sang out our names from the window of the Passport Control, in a high pretty voice: 'Tovarish So-and-So! Tovarish Somebody Else! Mr. Thomson! Monsieur Le Brun! Herr Schneider!' Ever anxious, the Czechs give communists and capitalists their correct titles.

One of my first impressions of the Czechs did not change and indeed was enhanced. They are exceptionally concerned to help and to be kind to strangers. Are you happy? Can I take you to the bus or get you a taxi? Are you worrying about something? Were you happy yesterday afternoon? Are you sure being alone does not give you *Angst*? What can they do? Have you any complaints? Do you want another pillow? This eagerness to oblige is a characteristic of small countries whose language no foreigner can be expected to speak; but with the Czechs, as with the Portuguese, the need to oblige rises out of a true sensibility and a deep national craving. Throughout their history they have craved for help from friends; they long to be loved. I met a good many Czechs—especially party members—who spoke of the Czech inferiority complex and who feared that this sensibility to others had gone to the length of neurosis and had made them subservient.

Sitting over a glass of pilsener, the best beer in Europe, I used to speculate about this as I watched the crowds go by in the wide Wenceslas Square, the *Vaclavské Náměstí*, the principal street of the city. They belonged to the most prosperous, the most bourgeois, of the five satellite states. Heavy beer drinkers, like the Germans, they were in the main a weighty, broad-shouldered, healthy, solid people, with square-cut jaws; and many had the fine, widely set, fair blue eyes of the Slavonic races. The thin ones looked brisk and keen. Here was a nation brought up on plain food, beer, pork, dumplings, and sauerkraut, where handsome youth is short and grows quickly into heavy or anxious middle age. They did not dress well, nor did they seem to care.

I used to walk down through the beautiful old Prague, and stand on the ancient Carlos Bridge among the dramatic and mournful religious statues which line its balustrades, and listen to the river going over the low weir and the quacking of the ducks. Below the weir silent couples sitting in anchored boats were fishing. In the parks couples sat modestly, occasionally holding hands. Across the river rose the narrow cobbled hill and arcaded streets of old Prague to the Gothic cathedral,

massive, grey, and gold glinting against the evening sky. Further over and downstream on Letna hill rose the appalling granite blob of the Stalin monument, a crude group of giant figures who seem to be marching down on the city to master it by sheer ugliness and force.

How do you explain—I asked my friend L., a young party member who had become a communist after four years in Buchenwald and other concentration camps—how do you explain that a country so advanced technically as Czechoslovakia, so

middle class, could so easily become communist? 'It was very simple', he said. 'The Germans and the Viennese had been for centuries the tyrants against whom the Czechs had had to struggle. The Russians were our liberators, whereas in Poland, historically, they were oppressors. All Czechs speak a little German because of the Occupation or because of trade, but all Czechs can understand Russian without having to learn it because of similarities in the languages. We are in the centre of all the pressures; we have developed, through centuries of oppression, a sharp and subtle political intelligence. The



Wenceslas Square, Prague, from the steps of the National Museum

Douglas Dickens

Czechs think and talk politics all day long and have traditionally thrown up acute political leaders inside Czechoslovakia, and outside it when they have emigrated. There was no sudden conversion. When the Czech state was founded in 1918 it already had strong socialist leanings.

L. was an educated man of middle-class background, in his late thirties, who knew France, Britain, and the United States. In a worried way he regretted the loss of some personal freedoms, but he was convinced that these were coming back. He would not yield an inch, however, about the necessity of keeping the Western press from public sale. He spoke vaguely and cautiously of 'the mistakes' that had been made and 'the crimes' that had been committed under Stalinism, saying that he had been in a position to know more than most people and could say nothing at the time. All Czechs are irritated by the extreme difficulty—amounting to a ban—on travel in the West, but he thought the difficulties were lessening. At any rate (L. argued, on the defensive) one could usually get a visa to visit relatives in Vienna, which is regarded as paradise, especially because of the opera.

I asked L. why the protests in Czechoslovakia in 1956 had been less violent than those of Hungary and Poland. 'We always do things more quietly. We change without fuss', he repeated.

It is untrue that the Czechs fear to talk to strangers; but it is not in their nature to talk incautiously. I used to have lunch every

day with a cheerful and noisy tableful of carpenters, plumbers, building labourers, and clerks, who talked about their jobs, about fishing in the river, and football. They ate out because their wives were working. 'The Voice of America' used to come over the radio of the restaurant. No one talked politics—that never happens unless you are alone with someone. It is true, again, that few Czechs will invite a foreigner to their homes, and although this may have something to do with caution it is also due to embarrassment. Houses and flats are crowded and split up because of chronic housing shortage. 'We have concentrated on building factories', is one explanation of this. The other is the general movement of population from the land to the cities.

Among the builders was a strange, gracious, lonely man who took me to his flat. Like many Czechs of his age, he had been to Belgium and France after 1930, during the slump, looking for work. Life had battered him. He looked twenty years older than he really was. He lived in a two-roomed flat in one of the old, pretty streets by the river where the mill race runs and the boys play; two rooms being the official allowance of space. The flat was like many one sees in the Latin Quarter in Paris—which old Prague delightfully resembles—and the rooms were made pretty in the central European manner by indoor plants and peasant coverings on the divans. The flat had adequate modern equipment. We had gone there because he could not stand the bad coffee at the restaurant and wanted to make Turkish coffee at home. X (as I will call him) paid a 1939 rent for his flat and said that all through Czechoslovakia rents had been kept at this level and were 'incredibly low'. He agreed that they were so low as not to cover the cost of repairs, which accounted

for the dilapidated, unpainted appearance of the gloomy nineteenth-century streets in new Prague, where the plaster comes off the brick in huge chunks and the balustrades are decaying.

'The old high bourgeoisie', he said, 'are finished, but for the worker and the small bourgeois life is much better than it used to be. Wages are not high, but living costs have gone down in the last year, taxes are about 3 per cent. of earnings, and with the social services and low rents, the mass of people are secure as far as the necessities of life are concerned. The cinema, the theatre, books and amusements cost very little'. Z's only complaint was that of all Czechs: boredom, the virtual impossibility of travel. 'I can go to Poland and Hungary for my holidays very cheaply. I can go to Bulgaria and the Black Sea. But all these countries are the same: they bore me. I want to see something different'.

He was not a communist—the party is jealously kept small in all these countries—but his political opinions were a mixture of acquiescence and a nostalgia for the period between the wars. This came out in his sad, puzzled reproach that the British had 'lost interest' in central Europe—if they had been firm before the war and afterwards the present situation would not exist; and in his bitter conviction that the Americans were backing the Germans and reviving the old German aggression in which Czechoslovakia would be the first, the traditional, sufferer, as it had always been. There is little spirit of rebellion. Like all Czechs

he was a keen questioner about Western politics and very acute in argument. He was extremely surprised to hear that West Germany was far more prosperous than East Germany.

To see the working crowd unbuttoned and enjoying itself I decided to go to Bratislava. I got a seat on one of those crowded little aeroplanes that fly seven times a day, except Sundays, in the summer from Prague. One is flying out of Bohemia south-eastwards to the Danube, at the point where Austria and Hungary and Czechoslovakia meet. The region is by far the most attractive part of the whole country to the traveller. Its towns have all the beauty that grows out of an old aristocratic culture. Slovakia is rural, backward in education, very Catholic, difficult politically—the peasants dislike the collective or co-operative farm. I used to see an old peasant woman standing in a doorway in Prague selling Slovak cheese; a sly official in the Foreign Ministry said she was 'probably the only unsocialized trader left in the city'. In Slovakia the party has often been in trouble in its attempt to introduce industries, kill illiteracy, and raise the standard of living. The Slovak has nothing Germanic in him. He is a wine drinker, excitable and independent.

There is a gypsyish, Hungarian side to life in Bratislava, and some streets of lazy Hungarian poverty, places where swarthy mothers chase half-naked children down the street. The crowd walked slowly up and down in the heat along the promenade beside the Danube; the girls sat decorously on the benches; youths sat on the walls, whistling and shouting to attract them. Or they walked about eating corn on the cob. The great event was the start and the finish of the international bicycle race. A good number of rural holiday-makers had turned up in their peasant dress. I saw



Haymakers near Banská Bystrica, Slovakia

men in short black-and-white embroidered jackets, white shirts and white linen trousers, or in long soft Russian boots, and wearing broad red and green sashes—these last, Bulgarians. One or two of the heroic cyclists lay on the ground and had an exhibitionist massage; a procession of school-girls turned up with flowers for the starters who, when the race began, threw them to the crowd. No cheers, no shouts, but general hand-clapping.

But I had a curious experience in the packed hotel one lunchtime. The restaurant was crowded and I shared a table with an explosive business man from Beirut who had spent several months in Czechoslovakia and who had with him a young Czech engineer. We were at once caught by persecution mania. Mr. Beirut was a loud-voiced man who shouted to his friend: 'Every hotel has its spies. I bet they'll break up this party; one Czech talking to two foreigners! Especially with me. I never mince matters. I tell everyone what I think'. He certainly did, as loudly as possible. Almost at once, a waiter tapped the Czech on the shoulder and said he was wanted on the telephone.

'What did I tell you!' exclaimed Mr. Beirut. 'The telephone trick. They've made inquiries and are warning him already'.

The young man came back. 'Well', said Mr. Beirut, 'who was the call from?'

'From my home', said the young man.

'You are sure it wasn't from your "other home"? ' suggested Mr. Beirut. 'Who spoke to you? Your father?'



Bathers by the Danube at Bratislava

Photographs: Douglas Dickins

'My grandfather', said the young man simply.

'And he is in bed ill, you told me?'

'He is better', said the young man with a smile.

Czechs are very deep. I think there was nothing in it and that Mr. Beirut was just showing off. We had a long and pleasant lunch. We argued about everything. We even argued about whether Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, his last novel, was an 'optimistic' or a 'pessimistic' work: an important point, because Czech writers are directed to have an optimistic outlook. More important, when I said that to judge by the crowd, Bratislava was a totally working-class city, the young Czech shook his head. Only 5 per cent. of the large middle class were visible, he said. The rest had taken protective colouring and had pretended to merge.

The young man had the sly, quiet, ironical manner of many Czechs. He came, he said, from a 'suspect social background', for his father had been a lawyer. The father had been thrown out of his job at the revolution, and had taken a job as a waiter, a hotel porter, and so on, and had at last gone in for the making of musical instruments. 'In fact, it is an old hobby of his and he is very happy in it, and makes a little money'.

'But your prospects aren't very good', shouted Mr. Beirut.

'Well, no', said the young Czech. 'I am very poorly paid and I shan't get promotion for a long time. One has to be patient. I know I would be far better off in West Germany or anywhere at all outside Eastern Europe'.

He had been lucky to be allowed to go to the university. There are tens of thousands of Czechs who have been victimized in higher education by political policy. When I was back in Prague I asked my party friend L. about this. He did not deny the young engineer's story but said, as he always did, that it was less likely to happen since 1956 and that the régime was liberalizing itself. But there was another side to it (he said). Not only in Czechoslovakia but in the whole of central Europe, the ambition of all families was to get their sons into the liberal professions and the bureaucracy which has always been overcrowded. It was a middle-class vice.

One day I took the train out from Prague into the country. There was an amusing racing-car mechanic in my compartment, one of those sly, droll, laughing, winking, energetic young Czechs who often seem to have a touch of the evasive Irish countryman about them. He put on a naïve manner as he joked about not being allowed to go to the big Western motor races, like Le Mans

or Monte Carlo. The Czechs have had a long training under the Austrian empire in playing the simpleton in order to hide their thoughts. Someone else came into the compartment and the mechanic stopped talking at once, but every now and then he gave a wink at me and a child-like grin. No one spoke for the rest of the journey. He got out at some wayside place, a village of bungalows where the gardens were hot with flowers. I saw him walking off with the dreamy, smiling look of misleading naivety on his eager face.

Throughout my stay in the country Hasek's *Good Soldier Schweik* was often in my mind, because his character starts a fundamental question. I discussed Schweik with all kinds of people and made a point of eating at the modest eating house in Prague, U Kalicha, where mainly working men go, and where Hasek used to dine every day. They have put cartoons illustrating scenes from the famous comedy on the walls now; the celebrated, original, faded fly-blown picture of the Emperor Francis Joseph still hangs there. It was in this restaurant that a Schweik-ish scene took place when, unable to understand the Czech menu, I was driven to make animal noises—a cock crowing, a pig grunting, etc.—in order to find out which meat dishes were which. Soon everyone at the table joined in with talented imitations. When we became serious, a man joined us and said to me sadly, nodding to Schweik's picture, 'We Czechs have lost the art of laughing at ourselves nowadays'. Schweik is respected as a historical object by the middle-aged members of the party, but they hold he has no meaning and nothing in common with the Czech as he is today because 'the situation has changed'. The one or two young writers I spoke to did not think so. Schweik is old-fashioned (they said) but he represents the traditional Czech device of malingering and retreating deeply into his ironical self.

—Third Programme

In *Printing in London from 1476 to Modern Times* (Allen and Unwin, 28s.), Miss P. M. Handover, a member of the staff of *The Times* and a specialist in the history and technique of printing, has written a scholarly and readable account of her subject. 'An interest in printing', she remarks, 'should unite the most reverend bibliographer in the British Museum and the youngest apprentice in a back-street printer's shop'. Unfortunately, she says, each group in printing tends to be indifferent to, or even contemptuous towards, other groups. This book stresses the interdependence of all who are professionally concerned with printing.

The Listener

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Too Many Art Exhibitions?

WE publish today Mr. Michael Jaffé's broadcast in 'Comment' about an exhibition of drawings and oil-sketches by Van Dyck now open at Antwerp. The event comes within six months of another Van Dyck exhibition (of paintings and drawings at Nottingham) about which Mr. David Piper wrote in our columns earlier this year. In fact, during every month of the present summer, art exhibitions of some kind have been taking place in one European city or another: pictures by Poussin have overlapped with Indian *objets* in Paris; Picasso and Ruskin have followed Epstein in London; works by Holbein have been on show in Basle; Burgundian treasures have been to Dijon, those of ancient Egypt to Brussels and Ghent. It might be asked if all this activity does not indicate some kind of competition among the works of art themselves, as if to be highly exhibitable gave a cachet to the history of a tapestry, or to have been seen in six different European capitals since the war lent an added value to a drawing. Of course this is not so, but the present situation does raise the question whether the time has not come for a halt to be called. Ought there not to be fewer exhibitions?

Exhibitions are pointless if they are unnecessary. To succeed they should have a single unifying theme, such as the achievements of one artist or one period of creative activity. They fail wherever the theme is trivial. One objection to them is the inconvenience they can cause to visitors from other countries, who may come to a national museum to look at, say, a particular piece of furniture or old china, only to find that it is in a packing case elsewhere. But the principal objection is the risk of damage likely to be caused to works of art by moving them too often. The least change in temperature can be harmful to a painting; the least vibration can lead to the flaking of paint off a panel picture, or even the splitting of the panel.

On the other hand, well-organized displays, where care has been taken over room temperature, have a special value. They can allow large numbers of people, particularly the old or untravelling, to see works of art that they would never be likely to search out for themselves: altar-pieces from remote Italian village churches or silver chalices from obscure cathedral chests. Exhibitions can lead to the cleaning and restoration of the treasures shown, and to a revived interest in an artist or period which has become temporarily unfashionable. The juxtaposition for the first time of works by the same artist or school can so refresh the minds of art historians that they are spurred to rewrite their ideas about the personalities and achievements of the artists involved. This is not trivial. It can alter the meaning and limits of such general terms as baroque or romantic, and the alterations will find their way into school text-books and the general knowledge of the period. The chronology of the works of Poussin is being radically revised in Paris at this moment; and Poussin was a painter of the greatest importance during the seventeenth century to both the French and Italian schools of painting, and to the exchange of ideas between them. Really worth-while exhibitions like those now devoted to Poussin and Van Dyck need every possible encouragement. The theme of nearly every exhibition this year has been a satisfying one. It is to be hoped that private owners and national foundations will continue to give similar exhibitions of the future their generous support.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on the trial of Francis Powers

COMMENT on the outcome of the Powers trial from Communist radio stations and newspapers followed the lines which had become familiar during the trial itself. The Soviet trade union newspaper *Trud* said that the leaders of the United States had been fully responsible for Powers's crime, and his trial had given 'fresh proof of the criminal designs harboured by those who decide the destiny of present-day America'. The trial had shown too that other states which lent their territory for American military bases and airfields 'have plunged into dangerous brinkmanship'; complicity in American aggression might 'have a sad outcome' for them. Another Russian newspaper, *Sovietskaya Rossiya*, said:

Francis Powers repented and pleaded guilty, but others accused in this case, who were invisibly present in the dock, did not repent. They intend to continue their espionage activities. Vain hope! Not only American espionage planes are being perfected—Soviet rockets are being perfected as well.

Moscow radio home service devoted special comment to the American President's reaction to Powers's sentence. The commentator said:

President Eisenhower regrets . . . he even put aside his golf clubs the better to wave his arms and cry out about the sentence of the Soviet court. The U.S. President did not take it hard when he gave the order for the infamous intrusion across the Soviet border, when he sent his spy pilot into the peaceful skies of the Soviet land. He had no regrets at giving his provocative order and creating a threat to peace and the lives of millions of people.

West German newspapers declared that the trial of Powers had been an attempt at political propaganda, and they showed no surprise about the verdict. The mass-circulation *Bildzeitung* said that the big show staged in Moscow had failed to have an effect on the West. Everything had gone too smoothly. 'But we cannot say immediately', added the newspaper, 'whether or not the coloured peoples will fall for it'. The *General-Anzeiger* wrote that it could hardly be disputed that Russia had been entitled to try the U-2 pilot. The attempt, however, to put the United States in the dock, had been as cheeky as it had been in vain. Those really responsible for world political developments leading to the U-2 incident were not to be found in Washington but in Moscow.

The *Deutsche Zeitung* of Stuttgart permitted itself some relatively optimistic conclusions from Powers's trial. Though there had been no lack of attacks against 'American imperialism', said the newspaper, these had been made in routine fashion. They did not allow the conclusion that the Kremlin wanted an intensification of the Cold War at the present time. The renunciation of the death sentence suggested rather that the Russian party leaders were satisfied with the current temperature of the Cold War. The *Koelnische Rundschau* said that the verdict had been relatively mild, but it had been merely a formality in order to justify a political propaganda campaign staged with unparalleled cynicism. Pilots like Powers, went on the newspaper, had saved the western world from the danger of a Soviet surprise attack. His had been a deed for the peace of mankind for which no sacrifice should be too big. In Austria, the right-wing newspaper *Kurier* said that the trial had without doubt been a show trial, the main object of which was not to make a captured spy harmless but to brand a Great Power with aggression in the eyes of the whole world. The sentence had been comparatively mild, added the Austrian newspaper.

Paris radio criticized some aspects of Powers's conduct. After describing the understandable emotion at Powers's meeting with his family the broadcaster said:

What is less understandable is the declaration made by Powers after the speech by the prosecutor. Nothing, apparently, forced Powers to express implicitly the condemnation of his country and to extol—to exalt even—always implicitly, those who were judging him. One cannot fail to recall at this juncture the attitude of untamable pride of the heroes of our Resistance who, in order not to be tempted under torture to give away comrades or secrets, did not hesitate to commit suicide if possible.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE ARTIST SPEAKS

'I AM A PAINTER, an etcher, and an engraver', said ANTHONY GROSS in the series 'The Artist Speaks' broadcast in the B.B.C.'s Television Service. 'I started my training in England when I was seventeen. After a visit to France I decided to continue my studies in Paris. Later I went to Madrid. Wandering through Spain I have never forgotten the wide open spaces and the thronged market places of the towns I passed through, and the frightening children who watched me as I painted in the streets. My early pictures were painted either in the south-west of France or in the shanty town of rag-and-bone men and the like, which existed in the industrial outskirts of Paris. It was known as the Zone.

'I became a great admirer of Van Gogh. I abandoned tonal painting for colour, texture, and line. Slowly, line and movement became more and more important to me. I was asked by Hector Hoppin to do drawings for a cartoon film. The setting was to be the town and country that I knew so well. I suggested that the theme might be *La Joie de Vivre*, and the film began in Paris, in the Zone. It was made in 1934.

'*La Joie de Vivre* was an experiment in arabesque created by a moving line. I sacrificed texture and everything else to it. The same thing happened with my etchings. However, after a time, I began to feel that there was a danger in this use of line by itself. So I came back to texture, and tried to obtain in black and white as great a sensation of colour as possible. At first, I achieved this by the most minute, detailed drawings of leaves and everything else I could find in nature. But I dropped these details in order to create more colour and more contrast by the use of textures of all kinds.

'There are many ways for an artist to make a number of examples of a single work. My own way is etching, a form of engraving and printing in black and white. I use all kinds of tools. Some are traditional. Others I improvise or invent from all kinds of things—bits of cigarette lighters, Victorian door-knobs or whatnots. Each makes a different kind of mark on the ground, an acid resistant, so I am able to make my textures thicker, coarser, or finer, with all kinds of dots, multiple lines, and so on. When all this is finished the plate is put in the acid. The acid bites down in the scratches and fixes them in the metal.

'Then we come to the finished plate. The ink powders are made from different ground charcoals and mixed with linseed oil. All these are exactly the same as the ones used by the old masters. When the plate is inked up it is wiped and cleaned and ready for printing. The paper should be hand-made rag paper, and must be properly damped before use. The plate lies on the bed of the press with the paper over it, and as they pass through the rollers, the print is taken. A large number of prints can be taken from a single plate, but usually the etcher limits the number of prints.

'Since the war I have worked in and around a little French village, Le

Boulevard. I have been going to this area for years, and my etchings reflect my interest in the life there. They are an attempt to find equivalents for what I see in terms of the lines and rhythms and textures which are natural to the medium and give it its immediacy. But etching is only one side of my work. Painting and drawing are the other. My house in Le Boulevard overlooks the village square. I live

there in the peace of the countryside, and all round me the life of the village goes on in full view. When I am painting from life I am in no way making a copy of what I see. Once at Le Boulevard, completely immersed from morning to evening, I slowly begin to understand the landscape and the people, and start to see what really lies beneath it all. As I paint it becomes a kind of contemplative action in front of, and with the help of, the life and landscape around me.

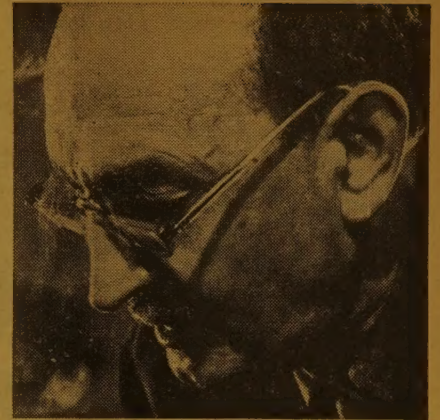
'I suppose in some ways this country is the first appearance of Spain or Africa this side of the Pyrenees. It is the scale of the valley, its colour, that is perfect for the painter. I must be able to find an equivalent for a tense, taut line of rock beneath the surface of the landscape. Everything, line, colour, is poised to catch this intensity, and this accuracy. In all this there is a mixture of mood and scale. The unravelling of the intimate details of a tiny plant, or the flowing but tense lines of a whole countryside: these can be expressed either in an etching a few inches square, or on a canvas—the largest I can carry'.

A TRAIN THAT BELONGS TO THE 'SIXTIES

'Travel is one of the very few new aesthetic experiences that have emerged since the Industrial Revolution', said

REYNER BANHAM in 'Comment' (Third Programme); 'and by "travel"

I obviously do not mean viewing the Ponte Vecchio at sunset, or meditating on the ruins of Baalbek. I mean quite simply, moving about under power. Since this came in with the railways, it is slightly senior to the modern movement in art, though it has pretty well kept step with it. Impressionism is bound up with suburban train services, the internal combustion engine is contemporary with Post-Impressionist movements, and the new concepts of passionate and



Anthony Gross



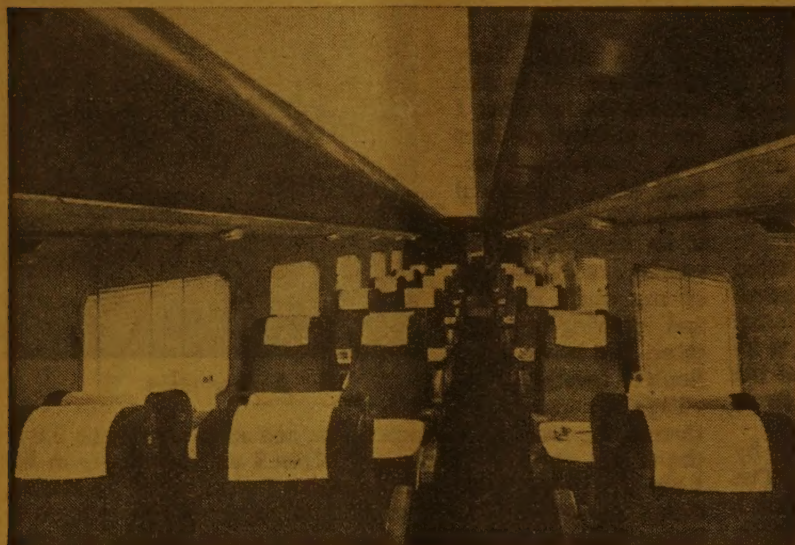
'Once at Le Boulevard, completely immersed from morning to evening, I slowly begin to understand the landscape...'

controlled subtleties that came in with action painting and cool jazz have a fair counterpart in jet airliners and the revolution in European express trains since the war.

British Railways entered this new age with a cut-price compromise that got the worst of all worlds—diesel engines drawing steam-age rolling stock. They lost the half-timbered sentimental

out, the fronts of the motor-units sloped back and raked into a "V" shape. The result is not exactly pretty, though pretty is something that diesels should not be, but neither is it plain ugly. Inside the Midland Pullmans, aircraft-type seating sets the style and the standard of mechanical equipment. The windows are sealed and double glazed, with individual venetian blinds between the two layers of glazing. Air-conditioning and general lighting come from a strip in the centre of the ceiling, local lighting comes from small lamps over the tables. Apart from some unwarranted and ill-conceived decorative work on the end panels of the coaches, and some door handles that look as if they were selected in a hurry from the Design Index, the interior is visually well up to international standards.

'Mechanically, the train is ahead of international standards—perhaps because it is, in fact, international, both the engine and the running-gear being of foreign design. But the reasons for the incredible smoothness and silence at speed go deeper than that, I think. The smoothness must come, in large part, from the fact that the power is not applied in one lump of 2,000 horsepower at the head of the train: it is spread over four of the six or eight coaches. The silence obviously comes in part from the elaborate sound-proofing and excellent springing, but it must also owe a great deal to the reduction in wind-roar that results from the smooth exterior. At ninety miles an hour, the currently permitted maximum, it is possible to converse in normal tones with a person three seats away. It is even possible to float a coffee-spoon balanced across the edge of the cup. For once, the policy of wait-and-see has produced results. The international experience of the nineteen-fifties has been successfully integrated into a train that really belongs to the 'sixties'.



Interior of a coach on a new British Railways' 'Midland Pullman'

glamour of steam engines, and also lost the gain in comfort that could have come from radically redesigned coaches.

'Our named expresses are currently the worst in Europe. They cannot hope to stand comparison with, say, the Sud Express or the Spanish Talgo. They could not even be considered for the acid test of modern express quality—a starring role in Alfred Hitchcock's *North by North-West*, in which the 'Twentieth Century Limited' stole the show. But now the situation may have changed; we have a possible aspirant for the top twenty of world expresses: British Railways' Midland Pullmans, which have come into operation between St. Pancras, Leicester, and Manchester. These Pullmans belong to a different world from all previous British main-line trains, though they have been partly anticipated by the short-haul diesel multiples that have revolutionized local services in many parts of the country. The new Pullmans are the first British expresses—to the best of my knowledge—to be designed from the beginning as integral units; not even the heavily publicized steam streamliners of the nineteen-thirties were this. The unity of the train is mechanical—its coaches cannot be mixed with other stock—and aesthetic. Jack Howe, the consultant for styling, appearance, or whatever it is called, clearly conceived a smooth, blue train, that would be all of a piece. But the visual unity does not come from running continuous horizontal stripes from one end of the train to the other. The way the windows of each coach are framed in a panel of white paint gives individual character to the coach, and the overall unity seems to come from the symmetrical repetition of standard window patterns—motor-unit, kitchen car, parlour car, parlour car, kitchen car, motor-unit—from one end of the train to the other. 'The external styling is straightforward and assured through-

Two early 18th century mitre caps: right, H.A.C.; below, left, Royal Regiment of Ireland



NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

At Sandhurst recently Her Majesty the Queen opened a new military institution: the National Army Museum, which is now open to the public free of charge. GODFREY TALBOT described some of the exhibits in 'Today' (Home Service).

'This is the first time the Army has had a museum of its own: and there are some things in it that—if you have a ha'p'orth of imagination—make the past really come to life. There are dirty, torn standards from the Boyne and the Monmouth Rebellion that look as if they have just come out of battle; there are guns, Zulu spears, centuries-old caps with bullet holes in them; soldiers' boots, drums, rifles, ornate uniforms, the coats of famous men, letters from the battlefields. There are Kitchener's medals, Lord Montgomery's beret, and, on loan from Sir Winston Churchill, a pair of pistols that belonged to the first Duke of Marlborough.



A jerkin of the Cromwellian period; both illustrations are exhibits in the National Army Museum

'You can see the white silk banner the present Duke of Marlborough still has to give each year to the Queen as rent for Blenheim Palace (it is a token from long ago, of course) and all kinds of handsome and historic horse-equipment—cavalry saddlecloths that are called shabracks and message-satchels called sabretaches. Some exhibits are macabre. For instance, one of the Waterloo relics is the saw used to amputate the leg of the Marquess of Anglesey. It was given by a descendant of the army surgeon who performed the operation on the battlefield'.

Scientists: Real or Imaginary?

By T. L. COTTRELL

TWO recent speakers, Stephen Toulmin and John Ziman*, have pointed out that professionalism in science is a new phenomenon. Professor Toulmin dealt with its effect on the intellectual content of science and Mr. Ziman with its effect on the individual creative scientist. There is another aspect of professionalism to think about: the question of the professional competence of the science graduate of today. There are two main reasons why we have not heard much about this: first, non-scientists are not really in a good position to criticize, because they feel, rightly, that they cannot assess the difficulties involved in professional scientific work; and, secondly, the most articulate scientists cannot say much about the question either, because they hardly ever meet a typical science graduate.

Quality of University Scientists

In spite of what Professor Toulmin said about the tendency for the best brains to be siphoned off into applied science, it is still true that many of the best scientists work in universities. If anyone doubts this he should consider the proportion of university teachers with first-class honours degrees compared with the proportion of first-class degrees awarded. In the large scientific department that I know best, 'firsts' are about three times as common among the staff as they are among the bulk of honours graduates. It is also true that university teachers and researchers are the leaders of organized science and that they largely form the national climate of opinion about science. Yet to them the average science graduate is a creature who disappears after getting his degree and whom they rarely meet again. This means that the only major feed-back that university scientists have about the success or otherwise of their teaching comes from a highly selected proportion of their pupils: their research students and their junior colleagues.

If we try to specify the typical science graduate a little more closely, we see at once how unrepresentative the academic scientist is. For example, in my own science, chemistry, of the 21,000 graduates in Great Britain in 1956, about two-thirds were employed in industry, about a quarter were employed in schools and technical colleges, and a tenth were employed directly by the government. This leaves less than one-tenth in universities. I do not want to go into detail about what these graduates do: many of them indeed are engaged in management or commercial activities rather than in professional science. But there is one point I must make about those still doing science, because it bears upon what I shall be saying later: it is that, in 1955, 80 per cent. of the total research and development personnel in this country were employed in large establishments. There were comparatively few such establishments: 300-odd in the whole of manufacturing industry. We have a picture, then, of many science graduates engaged in research and development in tightly organized units in which there is much specialization.

But I must now turn from what the professional scientist does to ask how well he does it. Here I have no statistics to guide me, nor can I imagine what statistics would be any use. I can go only on personal knowledge, and my information is mainly about chemists in certain parts of the chemical industry: so it is one-sided, and may well be seriously unrepresentative. All I can do is to give it as honestly as I can. I am going to be rather critical, so let me make it clear that I also criticize my own past performance. I will come out with it now: I do not think the run of professional scientists are very good at their jobs.

People complain about the lack of liberal interests of scientists, their difficulty with 'human relations', and some industrialists have said they lack leadership. I do not know whether these complaints are true but my own complaint is a much more serious one. Sir Charles Snow, discussing 'the two cultures', has complained that scientists are ignorant of literature and that literary men are

ignorant of the second law of thermodynamics. I believe that many *scientists* are ignorant of the second law of thermodynamics. And I might add that my personal impression is that professional scientists pay as much, or as little, attention to literature, arts, and music as do other professional men, such as lawyers and doctors, and that our culture is not so polarized as Sir Charles Snow maintains. But that is another matter.

Before I detail this criticism of professional competence I ought to say what I think the professional scientist should be doing in his job. He has to see that scientific knowledge relevant to the purposes of the organization which employs him is correctly applied, and to provide new knowledge with the same relevance. He does this by having a critical understanding of the field, by designing experiments to supplement existing knowledge where necessary, and by observing, and if necessary experimenting with, the plant and processes of his organization. He must then analyse the significance of his work, and present the results of his analysis to other members of his organization. These are the tasks which, I believe, are not always adequately performed.

What particular deficiencies in professional performance have I in mind? The first is that the average chemist, in particular, is reluctant to master and apply scientific theory. So often, when faced with a problem he has not met before, he resorts to the purest empiricism. For him an education in theory is equivalent to the education in Latin that the scientist attending some universities must have undergone: it is something to be endured for the sake of getting a degree. The second defect is an insufficiently critical and inquiring attitude to the research problem itself. Much effort is spent investigating problems that do not require solution, and which could have been shown by a careful preliminary analysis not to require solution. One might say that if the professional scientist who can make a measurement accurately is worth his weight in lead, and if the scientist who can improve the method of measurement is worth his weight in silver, the scientist who can show that the measurement is not necessary at all is worth his weight in gold. The third defect is so frequently discussed that it is almost a platitude to mention it: most scientists cannot write.

The three common defects: the lack of interest in theory and of power to apply it, the lack of a critical approach to the problem in hand, and the inability to communicate clearly, are all aspects of the same thing: the lack of an academic approach. The academic approach to knowledge is analytical and speculative, and essentially concerned with its communication, and these are qualities in which many scientists are deficient. If I am right, we have the apparently paradoxical situation that the greatest practical defect of many professional scientists is a lack of proper academic intellectual qualities.

Do Intellectuals Study Science?

How does this come about? Have three or four years at a university no effect in demonstrating the delights and rewards of intellectual effort? I believe that they have little effect in this direction for two reasons. In the first place I doubt whether even now a high enough proportion of intellectually outstanding people study science: they certainly did not do so in the recent past; hence the quality of much scientific work today. In the second place, science students have spent so much time at the laboratory bench, particularly if they are studying chemistry, that serious intellectual effort seems out of place. And most of these hours in the laboratory do not give much experience in understanding and applying theory: they are concerned with the development of manipulative skill.

This excessive emphasis on laboratory manipulation in the university career of the scientist is partly caused by a confusion between the educative and training functions of a university, and

* Professor Toulmin's talk, 'The Scientist's Dilemma', was published in *THE LISTENER* on February 11; Mr. Ziman's, 'Scientists: Gentlemen or Players?', on April 7

partly by the failure of universities to take sufficient account of the conditions of specialization in which professional scientists now work. A university has a duty to society not only to maintain its own critical and intellectual attitude to knowledge, but to try to pass it on to all its students. This is its main educative function. It seems to me to be so important that where it conflicts with professional training it is the professional training that should suffer. What is unique about the education of scientists, however, is not only that laboratory training interferes with education, but that my analysis of the professional duties of the scientist suggests that in its traditional form it is no longer needed.

Again I take chemistry as an example. In the days when the professional chemist was a rarity, he had to have a wide knowledge of practical techniques because he was probably the only scientist in the place where he worked. This is now unlikely to be true. Moreover, techniques have developed to the point at which no undergraduate training can possibly be adequate, and

the scientist must be trained on the job in the particular techniques required for his professional work. If we no longer need to train a chemist in the entire range of manual skill, we can be much more selective about what he is asked to learn in the laboratory, and we can perhaps even allow him time to think and read, or to carry out real experiments.

Other people have recognized this problem. For example, an editorial article in the June number of *Nature*, referring to a report on the training of physicists, pointed out that what I have said applies equally to them. My point is that I do not think the danger to science itself of insufficiently competent professional scientists has been emphasized. During the war military necessity convinced our society that it needs large numbers of scientists. These large numbers are now beginning to appear. If it is found that the desired results do not follow, the blame may be laid on the methods of science; whereas, to my way of thinking, it really rests with those in the universities who are responsible for the education of scientists today.—*Third Programme*

Britain's Changing Towns—III

Canterbury: the Happy City

By IAN NAIRN

FOR many Continental visitors, Canterbury is, apart from London, the only cathedral city and the only war damaged city that they see. They are fortunate in the choice, and we are lucky beyond our deserts if they carry back Canterbury as a typical example: because against all the odds it is a cathedral city without sanctimoniousness, and a rebuilt city without inhumanity or architectural sterility.

Canterbury had a Baedeker raid, one of the more startling refutations of the theory of evolution. It removed the upper end of the main street and the buildings around it but did not touch anything really vital. Something rather similar happened at Exeter; but whereas the high street there is now a deflating perspective of insurance companies' Neo-Georgian, the rebuilt St. George's Street in Canterbury is our one real attempt to match old and new honestly and sensitively.

How has it happened? The answer is simply hard work, hours of arguing and pleading and convincing by three people—the past and present city architects, L. Hugh Wilson* and J. L. Berbiers, and the town clerk, J. Boyle. Between them they cannot point to a single building in the centre for which they can take the titular credit, yet in fact nothing could have been built without them. Good architecture in Britain today is as much a matter of administration as ability, and the lessons of Canterbury are clear. The city planning officer must be an architect (Canterbury, with only 30,000 people, is very intelligent to have had a city architect at all; many bigger towns do not), and he must have the backing of at least one of the important administrators. The result is not a dictatorship but democracy in action, a dialectic of education, compromise, and slow progress.

St. George's Street is not a collection of masterpieces: it is just a street where every building is decent, often in the teeth of the original plans, with one group that is something more—a little square round the tower of St. George's (the rest of the church was blitzed), with a sunk garden laid out by Peter

Shepherd in honestly urban terms, not as a transplanted rockery. Across the road, crisp, witty and elegant, is David Greig's shop, designed by Robert Paine, the Principal of the Canterbury School of Architecture. The cranked roof is frankly a *jeu d'esprit* yet it is an absolute necessity to the street and even to the city as a whole. Like Eros in Piccadilly Circus, it charges the whole place with gaiety and humanity. Thank goodness, one feels, the twentieth century has a sense of humour after all.

Further down the street the last big gap is being filled by the Longmarket. Here the city architect decided the size and shape, leaving the details to be carried out by the developers. He has planned a deliberate townscape effect—the massing of the blocks is designed as an asymmetrical frame for Bell Harry and the roof of the cathedral nave. Not many places in England have architects who care enough to do this, or city administrators who would allow them to care.

The Cathedral cannot be left out any longer. It did not begin the article only because the rebuilt Canterbury is such a pleasant surprise. The first view is usually the same as the medieval pilgrims': from Harbledown on the London road, seen end-on in a noble display of pinnacles. The second view is the wonderful effect of recession where Christchurch gateway is seen at the

end of a narrow lane and the main porch of the Cathedral is seen an equal distance beyond. And the third view is from the delightful uncluttered little space in front of the gateway, with Bell Harry and the west towers appearing over the rooftops. They make a strange trio, a kind of parable of good and bad art (or, more accurately, deep and shallow art).

The south-west tower is mid-fifteenth century (its twin is a copy of 1832) and is a weak, indecisive design reflecting unsure times: the mean ogee arches are applied without conviction to an over-complicated shape. The gateway, built in the fifteenth century, knows where it is going, in the same way that a successful young stockbroker knows where he is going—expert



*Mr. Wilson became in 1956 the chief architect of Cumbernauld New Town, outside Glasgow. When it is built it will be easily the best and most exciting of the New Towns: unlike most of the others it will be first and foremost a town, not a collection of neighbourhood units.—I. N.

Perpendicular detail, thinly carved, stretched with assurance over the bulky shape, clever and skin deep. It is typical of the last few years before the Dissolution, an event which in many ways was a mercy; in another twenty years most of our Norman and early Gothic cathedrals would have been vamped over in this slick, empty style. But Bell Harry, built in the fourteen-nineties, is a standing reproach to both of them; a great, gaunt, upward torrent, each part of the design worked out in depth, apparently growing out from right inside the stone, the whole design built up from two pairs of tremendously tall belfry openings. The designer was John Wastell, who designed the vault of King's College chapel, and the vault above the crossing at Canterbury is probably the most exquisite fan vault in England: four big fans at the end sides, four small fans at the corners. Wastell would probably have preferred the shape of King's College turrets for his corner pinnacles—what was called 'croketts and single finial'—but gave them their present complex shape deliberately to repeat the pattern of the south-west tower. Respect for the past without subservience is Canter-



St. George's Street, Canterbury: the tower of St. George's church, with (behind, left) David Greig's shop, designed by Robert Paine. Below: a view, from the sunk garden next to the tower, of the other side of the street



bury's signature tune. It recurs again and again, in city and cathedral; it is what has kept the place alive. It is evident even in what seems at first to be the most single-minded of new works, the nave added by Henry Yevele* at the end of the fourteenth century.

One of the favourite purple phrases for writers on Gothic architecture is 'a forest of columns'. At Canterbury nave it is literally true. Go straightway to the extreme west end, and you see an unbroken wall of verticals—the piers project so far that the arches between them cannot be seen. J. L. Pearson tried to build Victorian churches that would bring people to their knees, and did so through sweetness of proportion. Canterbury nave does it through sheer majesty of proportion. Your head is drawn up and back as though you were in a half-nelson, until the eye-level reaches where the rood would have been, and, beyond it, the more open rhythm of the choir vaulting. Space is given an upward tilt

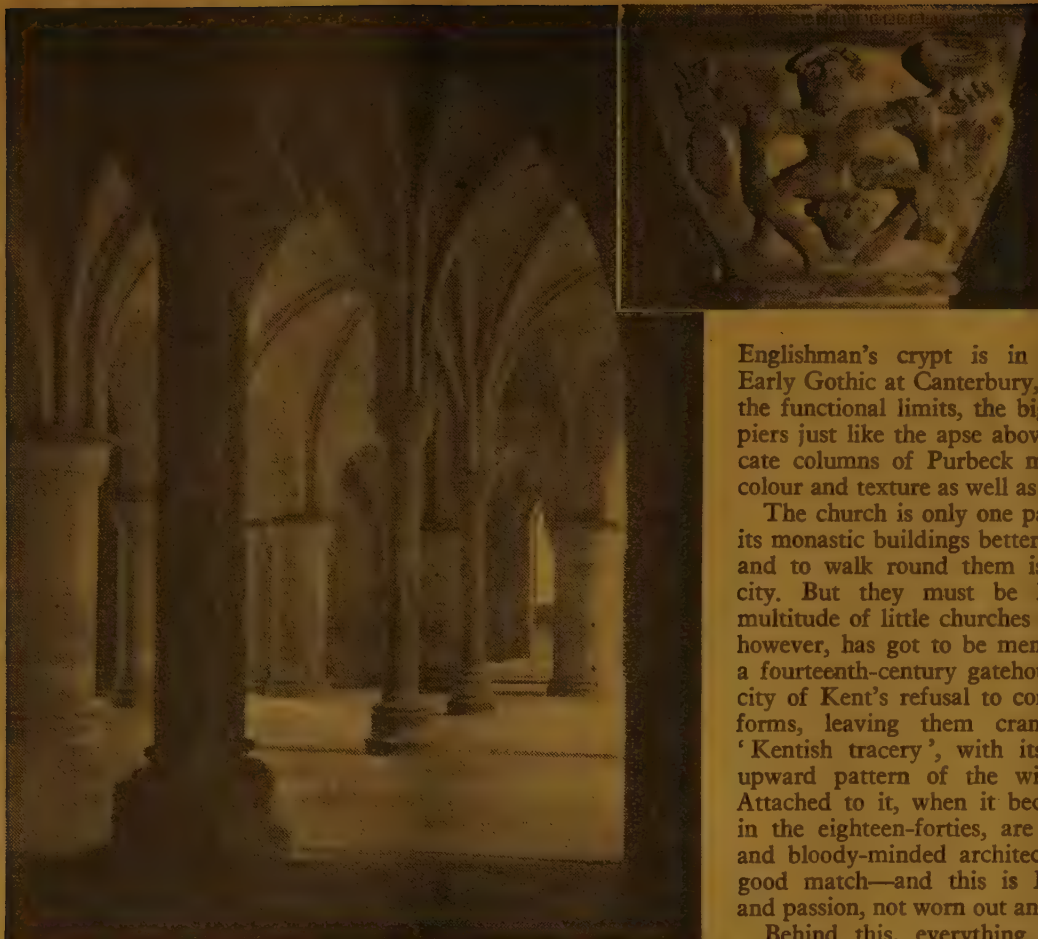
which is parallel to the physical tilt of the sets of steps up into the choir and corona. Immediately the building ceases to be just inert masonry: it is alive.

More purple passages; but the design is worth it, and endows the designer with a mixture of depth of feeling and knowledge of aesthetic effects that makes Wren look shallow and Vanbrugh clumsy. On a smaller scale this judgment is reinforced by the other building Yevele is known to have done at Canterbury—the West Gate of 1380, so much more than any old Perpendicular gateway, the apotheosis of solidity and bulk and keep-outness. We are lucky to have it. Mr. Wombwell arrived with his menagerie in 1850, found the arch was too low to let his caravans through, and asked the Corporation to remove it. They nearly did, and it was only saved by the mayor's casting vote!

I said that Canterbury nave paid its respects to the past. In the view of the forest of columns the only punctuations are the repeated sets of shaft-rings; some at the same level as the proper abaci given to the inner order of the arcades, some half-way up. Shaft-rings had not been used for nearly a century: they are a means of articulation left behind when Early English changed into Decorated and the original purpose (of binding the Purbeck marble shafts to the stone piers) vanished. But they occur throughout Canterbury choir, and Yevele's use of them must have been a subtle nod of recognition to what had gone before. No more than a nod, and nothing imitative, but enough.

The choir is what most people look for at Canterbury: the first Gothic building in England, built after a fire in 1174, a year after the canonization of Thomas à Becket, designed first by the Frenchman William of Sens, then by William the Englishman. It was documented, almost year by year, by a monk called Gervase, so that we know more about Canterbury than almost any other twelfth-century cathedral in Europe. Work started from the west, and—the Canterbury spirit again—William of Sens 'carefully surveying the burnt walls . . . did yet conceal what he found necessary to be done, lest the truth should kill them (the monks) in their present state of pusillanimity'. He had built the crossing for the second pair of transepts, and set out the narrowing necessary to take in a pair of much-loved small towers left over from

* Not documented, but the attribution is 'beyond any reasonable doubt', as lawyers would say.—I.N.



The crypt of Canterbury Cathedral—'a contrast in colour and texture as well as solidity'. Inset: carving on one of the capitals

National Buildings Record

the Norman cathedral; and then he fell off the scaffolding and went home to France to die.

This is where the great puzzle occurs. The most remarkable thing about Canterbury is the double-curve of the apse, which straightens out again after the narrowing. It is not successful, because it is more than the already heavily articulated design can stand; it breaks its back, and the bays look like railway wagons after a derailment. Why was it done? Was William the Englishman determined to make his own mark? From the look of the transepts it seems likely; for though the bays next to the crossing keep the controlled balance of the rest of William of Sens's work, the outer bays sprout a riot of blind arcading, unequal arcading, big round arches next to small, acutely pointed ones, that clearly belong to the spirit that created such perplexing patterns at Lincoln and Beverley. The apse has no such freakishness, and the circular corona, beyond it, has jumped the uncertain stage of Early English and anticipates the great chapter houses of the mid-thirteenth century. William of Sens's own work seems more than half English. The inspiration is French and the balance and articulation are French, but what hits the viewer straight away is the multiplicity of Purbeck marble shafts, the comfortable coexistence of round and pointed arches, and of chevron ornaments on new-fangled rib vaults; and all these are Anglo-Norman.

Today's Canterbury pilgrimage should end in the crypt. Some crypts are merely a space below the floor: Canterbury's is the kernel of the cathedral, trying to push itself bodily out of the ground: at its east end the floor is only two or three feet underground, and the whole of it has natural light. The biggest part is c. 1100 with the best carving of its date in Britain. In every age, whatever the external

circumstances, there are nature's gentlemen, with innate taste and elegance. One or more of them carved these crypt capitals, now fitfully lit by a mixture of natural light and low-power bulbs so that they appear with the force of an image on the cinema screen: intertwined figures and beasts as delicate as Meissen ware, an unexpected courtly voice in an age of wild men. Beyond it, William the

Englishman's crypt is in fact the most successful piece of Early Gothic at Canterbury, as light as it could possibly be within the functional limits, the big piers made up of two circular sub-piers just like the apse above, the centre given enchantingly delicate columns of Purbeck marble, so that there is a contrast in colour and texture as well as solidity.

The church is only one part of the precinct: Canterbury keeps its monastic buildings better than any other cathedral in England, and to walk round them is like walking round a city inside a city. But they must be left undescribed, and so must the multitude of little churches and hospitals. St. Augustine's Abbey, however, has got to be mentioned. What appears to the street is a fourteenth-century gatehouse which is the only example in the city of Kent's refusal to comprehend Decorated and Curvilinear forms, leaving them cranky, awkward, and bloody-minded. 'Kentish tracery', with its whole emphasis going against the upward pattern of the window, is the best known example. Attached to it, when it became re-used as a theological college in the eighteen-forties, are buildings by that cranky, awkward, and bloody-minded architect, William Butterfield. They make a good match—and this is Butterfield in all his early sincerity and passion, not worn out and repetitive.

Behind this, everything is Ministry of Works and exposed foundations. Crossword solvers, and people who enjoy bidding rather than playing contract bridge are welcome to go and work out, without a ground plan, just what did happen. Two dissimilar Saxon churches were joined, just before the Conquest, by a



The fourteenth-century gatehouse of St. Augustine's Abbey

J. Allan Cash

remarkable octagon, 'Wulfric's Rotunda'; then a big Norman church was built over the lot. Now nothing is left but a stone monkey-puzzle.

The rest has got to be left. It will come into view easily enough, in walks round this companionable unsnobbish city whose attitude to Christianity is Chaucer's rather than that of either Calvin or the Camden Society. Nothing is secret, just as none of the churches is kept locked. There is perhaps just one thing, hidden by accident rather than design. Halfway along the High Street is Stour Street, narrow and half industrial, running off towards the gasworks.

The Sacrificial Society

The Idea of a Moral Society

By OWEN CHADWICK

THE idea of a moral society is no easier to conceive than the idea of an immoral society. Perhaps it only means that though we all behave badly, some of us behave worse than others. Such words as 'free' society, 'civilized' society, 'just' society, are irretrievably vague descriptions, and yet they convey some sort of meaning. When we speak of a civilized society, we know that some people are more civilized than others; that you could find in a civilized society—so called—some foulnesses from which you would like to protect your wife and daughter; and yet we mean something more than this; we mean that society as an entity, as an arrangement, as a *polity*, in the Platonic word, can be suitably described as just, or civilized, or free, or moral—not perfectly so, far from perfectly so, often by comparison with savages or peoples under a tyrant, but still not meaning only that a majority of the inhabitants of that society refrain from picking their neighbours' pockets or forging bank-notes.

When the Group took its Law from God

We have a preliminary difficulty to overcome, and it is high enough. The primitive society, or the Hebrew, or the medieval, had no difficulty whatever in applying such adjectives to the group rather than the individual; for to them the group was as real as the individual, the tribe or nation or Christendom was as much a numerical entity as the individual man or woman. It could be called moral because it stood before God, received a moral law which was believed to come from him, held itself responsible before God for its obedience or disobedience, believed that the end, or value, of society in this world was moral rather than material, believed indeed that if you cared for the moral, the material would take care of itself. Our difficulty is that the political theory of liberal democracy has turned the constitution into mere machinery, machinery for enabling a lot of people to live together with the minimum of injustice; and machinery is ethically neutral. For Plato the constitution was a moral as well as a social and material arrangement. We prefer to think of it only as a social and material arrangement. For any other conception appears to make it necessary, and indeed right, for a government to support one set of morals rather than another, perhaps even some religions in preference to others, perhaps seek to control public opinion, the thinking of the people, with the frightening resources of control at the command of modern governments.

The Limitations of the State

The doctrine of Karl Marx could be represented, crudely, as teaching that the machinery of the state could control, and even create, the conditions of moral living. But the state, it has been found, is not a suitable instrument for this kind of Big Brotherhood. Nor even, supposing a less materialistic idea of the state, would many of us be content with the state in charge of our moral ideas and ideals. We are all moved, or perturbed, or charmed, or ashamed, or penitent, when we meet a saint; but most of us would be nervous at being governed by a saint, still worse a committee of saints, and that is not only because we

It passes two of Canterbury's little hospitals, and comes to an incomplete Regency terrace called Stour Vill, on a cul-de-sac. Go down to the end and look over the wall: suddenly, a jungle of lush vegetation, a small swift river splitting in two, unsuspected because it is built over where it comes to the High Street. Suddenly, also, you realize that every medieval city was like this until the population grew: that it enjoyed both urban streets and huge leafy gardens and orchards. Agreed that we have our drains and our cars to chase after the retreating countryside, but I am not quite sure, qualitatively, which is the better way of living.

remember the consequences of American prohibition or Praise-god Barebones or Pope Pius V struggling with the morals of the city of Rome. The state, we think, is fit to stop us hitting each other, or neglecting our children or tormenting our dogs. It is fit to provide material conditions which make it easier to be good—better houses, better schools, better health, and the like. It is not fit, when you take it simply as a machine, to offer us moral ideals, to cultivate generosity or trust or responsibility, growing virtuous citizens like so many mussels in the sea bed. Even when it is in control of the means of teaching morality; even when it dominates public opinion by control of print and air; even when it dictates what shall be taught in the schools, it cannot spin its moral ideas out of itself but must fetch them from somewhere.

When the first electronic brain was invented in England, I remember a friend asking the inventor whether it could write poetry; and he paused, and replied: 'Yes, but it would be the kind of poetry that machines like'. To create poetry with a machine, and righteousness with a civil service—these are kindred absurdities. It is as though Moses went to fetch the tables of stone, bearing the commandments of the law, not from the mists at the top of Mount Sinai but from the visitors' gallery at the House of Commons.

Down from the Mists of Sinai

For they are found in the mists—the moral habits, the moral judgments, the moral ideals, of a people. They are like atmosphere swirling about us, and none knows whence it came or whither it goes. The climate of moral opinion is not a climate which changes without anyone understanding why, like the quarter of the wind. It is in large part based upon certain assumptions which are assumptions of the intelligence. The great-grandfather of the great-grandfather of my great-grandfather believed that it was right to burn witches. I am perfectly certain, infallibly certain, that it is wrong to burn witches. But this is not a mysterious change of view. My ancestor was educated to believe that witches were potent as savage murderers; I was educated to believe that they are as impotent as new-born lambs. I do not think either of us could prove his case; I should not like to have to demonstrate that black magic is harmless except to the perpetrator. But the onus appears rather to be on those who wish to start burning.

But these moral judgments, which are judgments of the plain reason, are made in a much wider and more mysterious context: a conception, vague enough, of the nature of goodness, and compounded of a complex of ideas and traditions, a mass of associations, historical examples, good manners, a way of education, the moral memory and experience of a people. In our British tradition, I suppose that there is something in it of Rousseau; something, perhaps, of Jeremy Bentham; something of sheer historical example, like the behaviour of Nelson at Trafalgar; there is certainly a little pulpit in a nonconformist chapel somewhere in the mist, even though it might have been mediated through a literary masterpiece like *Pilgrim's Progress*; there are the Psalms of the Hebrews, and a church bell summoning the village to the staid intellectual beauties of Anglican mattins; there is a mother in a shawl, kneeling abased before some unformed vision of the

numinous that rises like incense upon either side of an altar; and much else no doubt, unknown or forgotten, as manners have made men and men have made manners, the moral traditions of a people, till lately almost inseparable from its religious and liturgical traditions; created not by the state, but by the brave sailor, the philosopher, by the priest or the prophet, by inspiration as well as by ethical reasoning, coming down from the mists of Sinai and not picked up like an order paper from the floor of the House of Commons.

Theory of Natural Law

There was, and there still is, a particular theory which professed to harmonize the machinery of government with the moral tradition of a people—the theory of natural law. There is a moral law to which government and people are alike subject, a law of eternal validity written in the hearts of men and evident to their reasons; and all law, if it is to be a law, and not mere violence, every constitution if it is to be a constitution and not an arrangement for enabling a tyrant to tyrannize, all government, is to be subject as the whole people is subject. The government cannot make its own morality, for morality is prior to all government and is of absolute obligation upon all societies. All mankind can see what is justice. They are therefore to test all legislation against this standard which they all approve, and thereby the whole society will be directed to the moral end which is the highest end of humanity. An act is not good because it is expedient but expedient because it is good. This concept of natural law was, and indeed still is, a noble formulation of the idea of a moral society. And we may well doubt whether any Christian view of society or politics, any Hindu or Jewish view, perhaps we may say any religious view, can dispense with some such theory of the moral law. I should even doubt whether a non-religious view of society can dispense with it altogether. For example, the State of Israel appears to wish to try Adolf Eichmann for crimes which were not committed in or against the State of Israel, which did not then exist, and it is plain that its right to do so can only be based on an appeal to a natural, eternal law of morality which is above and behind the laws of individual states. Nevertheless in at least its old form the theory of natural law does not commend itself widely at the present time, to those who think seriously upon these matters.

It does not commend itself widely, partly because it seems to depend upon a religious metaphysic or creed, and if we were once to take God out of it, its utility as a mode of explaining the moral nature of society would largely vanish, perhaps entirely vanish; it has not commended itself, partly because it has to be stated subtly if it is not to be absurd. If you do not state it subtly, you say, a law of the government is not a law unless it conforms to the eternal law, and ought to be disobeyed; and thereby you invite cranks to set up their own misguided consciences as ground for resistance to government. If you do not state it subtly, you soon find yourself in doctrinaire statements about justice and the rights of man, and by this route we soon seem to find ourselves entangled in clap-trap. You must therefore state it with every care and explanation and restriction; but the more subtly you state it, the less use as a theory of society it becomes, the more nearly it turns into a rather complicated way whereby subjects tell the government that it ought to behave well, which subjects are in any case likely to do.

The Heroic Area

Every generation is not only the inheritor of a moral tradition; it is also transmitting it, indeed creating it. And if we ask, what are the principal forces making for transmission and creation today, we shall not be likely to go to the philosopher, or to regard him as a potent source of moral creativity, the philosopher of natural law as little as the philosopher of language because there is some absolute quality about the moral which does not easily fit the reasonable explanation. The reasonable man tells us to be prudent, to be sensible; and by his advice he can powerfully influence the ethical tradition. But there seems to be a department or area of morality where he is silent; and it is the area which appears to be the creative power in a social tradition; the area which might be called the heroic. 'Though he slay me, yet will I

put my trust in him': it is not very sensible, it is most imprudent, but it is an absolute overriding call of the conscience which the listening soul must obey. 'Master we have toiled all the night and taken nothing': it is rather absurd, it is not at all sensible, to let down the nets again for a draught, nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net.

It is this 'nevertheless' quality in moral tradition which the expedient theories stemming from Bentham altogether failed to justify, and which we are much more likely to understand not in the study but by sitting at the foot of the little pulpit or kneeling before the altar with the woman in the shawl. There is the most creative of all moral forces—the power of faith, not using faith in the sense of assent to creeds or to metaphysics, but as a confident assured trust in the impact upon the moral life of what is experienced in religion. I would certainly not affirm that without this our society is morally opportunist; I do believe that without this creative power there is a diminishing stock of moral capital; or, to put it better, I fear an increasing number of citizens who are opportunist.

The words 'good' and 'goodness' are themselves vague, indefinable. They need filling out with other descriptions. What kind of a man do we look to find when we say 'he is a good man' or 'he is a saintly man'? Do we expect a founder of the Red Cross, an activist, militant, love-your-neighbour-by-organization kind of man? Or do we expect a contemplative, a man of withdrawal, a Santiniketan man, a love-God-and-let-him-do-the-rest man? What sort of goodness is it, among the many kinds of goodness, which a society holds in regard, holds in the highest regard? This is the element in social morality which is inseparable from the element termed 'sacrificial' in the earlier talks in this group. And it is as important to the moral order as the elementary rules of behaviour which everyone (in theory) accepts. All the various experiences and memories and associations which compose the moral tradition are held together as a complex of ideals, not reducible to the virtues of rationality and prudence, not in any people in the world. Something has to come out of the mists to uphold, feed, maintain, and create ideals. And if out of the mists, it should be well considered whether they ought not to be the mists that are at least tested, and have been found in long experience to bring a rain that makes fruitful.

Sacrifices, Primitive and Modern

In primitive rituals many peoples offered sacrifices of vileness. Even a modern people can offer itself upon an altar of pagan gods. Patriotism evokes and demands the highest sacrificial instinct of human nature. How damnable it is when corrupted into 'my country right or wrong', for there the state has taken charge of the conscience, which should be inviolable and secret before eternity.

At the coronation of the British Sovereign, the Lord Great Chamberlain is to give the sword, and then the Archbishop is to say: 'With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss; and confirm what is in good order; that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue'. The British Sovereign, to whom these things are said and done, has little enough power to obey the exhortations thus addressed to him or her. Once this would have been a symbol of the submission of government to the eternal law, as at the beginning of an assize the judge attends service to be reminded that he represents a law that is higher than his own, the eternal law which is above all governments, the liturgical consecration of a people in its chieftain to a social righteousness. Those who experience assize and coronation tell us that these ceremonies do not feel like merely quaint survivals and colourful pageantry. Unless there be something in this language which is not obsolete but living, unless there be something in this language which truly calls a people to self-consecration, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that when we talk about the idea of a moral society, we mean only that while we all behave badly, some behave worse than others.—*Third Programme*

Previous talks in this series appeared in THE LISTENER of July 7 and August 4. The last talk, by the Rev. G. E. Hudson, will be published next week.



The wreck of the 'Grosvenor': an engraving by Robert Pollard after a painting by Robert Smirke

The Quest for the 'Grosvenor'

By PERCIVAL R. KIRBY

THE story of the wreck of the East Indiaman 'Grosvenor', which ran ashore on the South African coast in 1782, has gripped the imagination ever since the news of the disaster reached Europe. My own interest in it was aroused about sixteen years ago, when a journal written by one of the few sailors who survived the wreck, a young Aberdonian named William Habberley, came to light in Durban. From this journal I realized that much had been missing from most accounts of the disaster. Since then I have secured a mass of information concerning the ship and her story.

The 'Grosvenor' East Indiaman was built on the Thames in 1770 by Wells of Deptford, and she was commanded by Captain John Coxon, a superb seaman of long experience and a fine man. She was small by present-day standards, though relatively large by those of the eighteenth century, being 138 feet 10 inches in length, 35 feet 3½ inches in breadth, and was of 729 tons burthen. In the late eighteenth century there were no such things as regular passenger cabins on an Indiaman. A would-be passenger, such as William Hosea, the wealthy Bengal merchant who was actually on board the 'Grosvenor' during her fatal voyage, would first of all request permission from the governor and council in Calcutta to return to Europe, and then have to bargain with the captain of a homeward-bound Indiaman to accommodate him. The amount of passage-money demanded depended upon the status of the passenger in the company's service; the passage-money was one of the commander's perquisites, so an important person had to pay a very large sum. William Hosea actually paid Captain Coxon £2,000 to accommodate himself, his wife, his baby daughter, and two Indian servants.

When the passage-money was agreed upon, the captain would instruct the ship's carpenter to partition off the required space from either the great cabin at the stern end of the gun deck or from the round-house on the main deck. This space the passenger himself had to furnish with at least a cot-bedstead and bedding, a 'military' chest of drawers, a washstand and basin, a writing desk, a chair or two, a hanging lamp and a number of candles, as well as a wooden bucket with a rope attached to it to obtain sea-water for washing. On the other hand, the captain generally

provided his passengers with lavish meals and a copious supply of beer and wine, including champagne.

The 'Grosvenor' sailed from England on her last voyage to India on June 3, 1780, and arrived at Madras twenty-nine weeks later. Under normal circumstances she would have unloaded that part of her cargo destined for the southern presidency, and then sailed with as little delay as possible to Bengal, where goods belonging to her commander and his officers could have been sold profitably. But unfortunately at Madras 'there was a war on', and the ship was detained. Her commander was not only obliged to sacrifice his personal trade goods at a low price, but he was ordered to cruise up and down the coast to neighbouring ports like a local vessel. Not until nine months had passed was Captain Coxon permitted to proceed to Bengal, and then he had to load his ship with a vast cargo of rice for the Madras troops, and a considerable sum in coin with which they might be paid.

On January 15, 1782, Captain Coxon duly delivered his cargo at Madras. According to the agreement entered into by the East India Company with the commander and owners of the 'Grosvenor', he was entitled to sail for England in the early part of February, 1782, even if no return cargo had been found for him. But delay followed delay; Coxon was driven to desperation because he well knew the dangers of sailing too late in the season, and he sent a vigorous protest to the Madras Council, stating that he would not be responsible for the ship or her cargo if he were delayed any longer. This protest resulted in the 'Grosvenor' being hurriedly loaded with a cargo of 'coast goods', and her setting sail as a 'single ship', though she was convoyed as far as Ceylon by a British fleet that was at the time cruising in Indian waters.

On the way to Ceylon the British fleet was attacked by a French one, and a naval battle followed, during which the 'Grosvenor' lay at anchor close by. After it was over the fleets separated, and the British ships, still accompanied by the 'Grosvenor', set sail for Trincomalee in Ceylon. Not until June 13, which was far too late in the season for safety, did the 'Grosvenor' sail alone from Trincomalee on her fatal voyage.

During the passage from Ceylon to the coast of southern

Africa the weather appears to have been consistently bad. In addition to this the 'Grosvenor's' mainmast had 'sprung', and had had to be repaired; and her crew was far from complete, since several of her men had been 'pressed' by some of His Majesty's ships in India, and others had died of fever or had deserted there. Captain Coxon had filled the gaps as well as possible in the customary way by signing on a number of lascars, or Indian seamen.

On the Rocks

But most difficulties had been got over when the 'Grosvenor' was sailing safely, as her commander thought, about 300 miles off the south African coast; although he seems to have been unaware that there was an error of a full degree in the chart with which he had been supplied. Then, a little after 4.30 in the morning of Sunday, August 4, 1782, his ship struck a reef of rocks a little to the north of Port St. Johns in Pondoland. She broke her back and was pounded to pieces by the waves, though not before the bulk of the crew and all of the passengers had got safely to land. The roll was called, and it was found that, although fifteen seamen had been drowned in attempting to get ashore, 123 souls had survived the disaster.

According to maritime law a ship's captain ceased to be in command after his vessel had been wrecked; but it was unanimously agreed that Captain Coxon should carry on, and lead the castaways south-westwards along the coast until they should arrive at the most easterly of the Dutch settlements in Algoa Bay. So he divided the ship's company into three groups, each with a leader. In the van were the stoutest seamen, led by Mr. Shaw, the second mate; then came the ladies and children with the other passengers, headed by Mr. Beale, the third mate; finally the remaining officers and members of the crew, with Captain Coxon himself in charge.

They had scarcely started to march along the coast when they began to meet trouble from the native tribesmen, who not only attacked them from time to time, but took from them their scanty clothing and even scantier provisions, actually cutting off the ladies' pockets and pulling down their hair in the search for ornaments. However, the various parties managed to keep within reach of each other for a week; but at the end of that time the stouter seamen and the lascars began to hint that it was madness for their speed to be limited to that of the women and children. About fifty seamen went on ahead with increased speed, together with two of the male passengers and one little boy of seven, Thomas Law, who had during the voyage become very friendly with the ship's steward.

The Party Divides

Soon disagreement arose about whether the party should continue along the coast, where food and fresh water were scarce, or go inland where they might do better. As a result, this party split up into two divisions, one in charge of the second mate and the other led by the ship's carpenter, in which was the little boy, Master Law. The carpenter's section marched slowly along the coast, from time to time leaving behind to die those who were too fatigued to continue the journey or who were unable to cross the numerous river-mouths that they encountered, even with the help of crazy rafts made from drift-wood and scraps of clothing. But little Master Law, aided by the devoted steward, survived until he reached the eastern limits of Algoa Bay, when he died in the night of cold and starvation. Charles Dickens was so moved by this episode that he devoted the greater part of one of his lesser known essays to it.

The only food that the castaways could obtain on the sea-shore was shellfish, varied occasionally by the flesh of a dead fish, or a sea-bird, seal, or whale washed up on the coast. Fresh water was scarce, in some places unobtainable. Indeed, one member of a group of three actually proposed cannibalism. The other two would not agree to it, and shortly afterwards they were fortunately seen by the servant of a Dutch farmer and taken to shelter and safety.

The second mate's party, which had gone inland, soon found that there was less food available there than on the shore; so they made their way back to the coast. There were only three

of them left by the time that they reached the Great Fish River, and while they were crossing it one of them was stoned to death by hostile natives. The other two struggled on for a time, until one, the wealthy passenger Taylor, gave up and died in the sand, leaving the Scots sailor boy, William Habberley, to go on alone. Habberley staggered on until he reached some native huts, where he was unexpectedly made welcome and sustained by the tribesmen until finally rescued and taken to safety by a relief expedition sent by the Governor of the Cape.

What happened to the captain's party and the other passengers, including the women and children? Legend has it that the women were taken by natives and forced to become their wives; but I am confident that here legend is in error. Of the three adult women passengers of the 'Grosvenor', one was elderly, one had a child in arms, and the third was pregnant. Our knowledge of tribal custom and taboo suggests that it is extremely unlikely that any one of these would have been interfered with by native men. However, the captain's party vanished into the wilderness of southern Africa—women, children, and all of them.

Out of the 123 people who survived the actual wreck, only six, all ordinary sailors who were accustomed to walking barefoot, succeeded after many terrible weeks in reaching Algoa Bay, not far from where Port Elizabeth now stands. The Governor of the Cape sent an expedition which found four more Europeans, including the young sailor, William Habberley, and nine Indians, two of them women.

News of the Disaster

The news of the wreck was first transmitted to India by the Governor of the Cape, Van Plettenburg, in a letter to the Governor of Bengal, Warren Hastings. When Hastings heard of the humanity of this Dutchman in endeavouring to succour people with whose country his was at war, he immediately despatched by special messenger a letter of thanks, accompanied by a valuable diamond ring, on which was inscribed the familiar lines from Virgil's *Aeneid*: 'It is legitimate to learn from an enemy'.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who many years before had been friendly with Sir Robert Chambers, the Bengal judge whose little son had been on board the 'Grosvenor', wrote to Mrs. Thrale telling her of the wreck, and suggesting that she should obtain a copy of the official report of the disaster. When the news of the death of his son was conveyed without warning to Sir Robert Chambers himself, it is said that he went into convulsions; after recovering, he persuaded his friends to conceal it for a time from his wife, Lady Frances. To add to the poignancy of the situation, several silver coat buttons, bearing the initials C.N., had reached Calcutta. These had been found by a South African farmer in the possession of a native of the eastern districts, and had been sent to India since it was presumed that they had belonged to a 'Grosvenor' passenger. They certainly had, for the initials C.N. were those of Charles Newman, a Bengal attorney, who had been on board the ship, and who had apparently acted as young Tom Chambers's tutor during the voyage from India.

A good deal of controversy has arisen about where exactly the 'Grosvenor' was lost, and where the remains of her are to be found. During the three days that followed the disaster we know that nothing of her was to be seen except her head and cut-water, but the survivors gave, or have left, no precise information about where she had foundered. In 1906 a baulk of red-coloured timber was recovered from the supposed site of the disaster, and was soon after cut up and made into furniture. I know, from his records, that the commander of the 'Grosvenor' had been accustomed to bring with him from India many red-wood logs to serve as 'dunnage', or packing for his cargo, so I searched for, and eventually obtained, a small piece of the baulk of timber of 1906 that was still in the possession of the son of its discoverer, and sent it to Kew. The authorities there examined it, and pronounced it to be typical East Indian red-wood. There was therefore little doubt that it, at any rate, had been on board the 'Grosvenor', though it had not formed part of the ship itself.

Again, a number of coins of different countries have been picked up at various points on the Pondoland coast. With the help of the British Museum, I was not only able to determine that all of them had been on board the 'Grosvenor', but by

means of them I was able to check part of the route followed by the survivors of the wreck along the African coast.

Reaching the Scene of the Wreck

The expedition sent by the Governor of the Cape never succeeded in reaching the scene of the wreck itself. But persistent rumours reached Cape Town to the effect that there were Europeans living to the eastward among the native tribes; so eight years after the first relief expedition a group of Dutch farmers, most of whom had been members of the first attempt, set out once more for the scene of the wreck, and this time they reached it. They discovered five cannon lying upon the rocks, as well as a considerable quantity of iron ballast and a few other articles which had obviously been washed ashore. Among these was a log of red-wood, doubtless similar to the one found there in 1906, some shards of English porcelain, and a fragment of spermaceti candle. From the local natives they obtained a little gold and silver, which I believe to have been in the form of coins. Unfortunately, although the farmers reached the spot they made no attempt to describe or to place it, so that it was only by calculating the time taken by them in the various stages of their journey through Pondoland that anyone could again arrive at the approximate site.

In 1824 the presumed spot was visited by the Natal pioneer, Henry Fynn, who also saw the guns and ballast lying on the rocks. Twenty-seven years later Fynn led to the place a British army officer, Captain Robert Garden, who not only found the guns and ballast still there but also drew a plan of the place. What was more significant, the local Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. Thomas Jenkins, showed Garden several gold coins which he had found on the seashore, and which I have been able to prove were minted in India a little before the wreck. Jenkins, for some reason, always maintained that the wreckage and coins must have come from some other ship, and not from the 'Grosvenor'. Nevertheless the place became accepted as the actual site of the wreck.

In spite of the discovery of these gold coins, it was a long time before anyone used the word 'treasure' in connexion with the 'Grosvenor', or suggested that she was laden with bars of gold and silver, and boxes of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and

sapphires; or that the fabulous Peacock Throne of the Great Moguls was on board her. Not until 1880 was the word 'treasure' used, when a quantity of gold and silver coins and a number of other relics were discovered near the reputed site of the disaster. But it was so used in a press account of that discovery; and ever since it has always been assumed that the cargo of the East Indiaman included at least bullion and, with time, the other alleged treasures have been magnified. As a result there has been a series of attempts to locate the wreck and to salvage the cargo, and always, until recently, at the 'traditional' site.

About 1896 one company recovered a considerable number of coins from the land in the neighbourhood of that site; and from 1905 to 1907 further, though unsuccessful, attempts were made from the sea. In 1921 a new syndicate was formed which proposed to tunnel under the sea to where the ship was supposed to be lying. Thousands of pounds were sunk in this venture, but nothing was found, and the attempt was finally abandoned some seven years later. Then, in 1938, a couple of Dutch engineers endeavoured to enclose the little gully in which the ship was supposed to be, with a dyke similar to those used in the Zuider Zee in Holland. But when the dam was almost completed a sudden storm arose, and the powerful breakers snapped the steel cables like packthread, and tossed on shore the colossal boulders that were moored by them. Since that time two more companies have been formed to salvage the alleged treasure, which is now popularly imagined to be worth millions; but as far as I can ascertain, although both companies collected and expended large sums on their schemes, neither succeeded in garnering any of it!

Two Halves of an Indiaman

The most recent of these companies, however, did actually find, though some distance to the south of the 'traditional' site, remains of the two halves of an Indiaman of the 'Grosvenor' period, and this may well be the 'Grosvenor', and all that is left of her. But no article has ever been found in the sea which can be proved to have been part of the 'Grosvenor' and of no other ship. If her bell were to come to light, we could be sure, for her name would have been engraved upon it; until then, I fear, the quest for the 'Grosvenor' must still go on.

—From two talks in the Home Service

Two Poems

The Intruders

I ask the young daughter
Of Jetto, a painter,
(Disclosing three faces,
Two bold and one fainter,
On Jetto's *Moon Chart*):
How dare these scapegraces,
These odd bodikins,
Who would once hide their grins
Among wall-paper roses
Or carved lambrequins,
Flaunt pantomime noses
And Carnival chins
In abstractionist art?

But Jetto's young daughter
Has drawn me apart
And pleads for the faces:
'Don't show them to Father!
He'll turn black as thunder
To see their grimaces—
He'll bury them under

Whole tubefuls of madder,
He'll widow my heart'.

Lyceia

All the wolves of the forest
Howl for Lyceia,
Crowding together
In a close circle
Tongues a-loll.

A silver serpent
Coiled at her waist
And quiver at knee,
She combs fine tresses
With a fine comb:

Wolf-like, woman-like,
Gazing about her,
Greeting the wolves;
Partial to many,
Yet masked in pride.

The young wolves snarl,
They snap at one another
Under the moon.
'Beasts, be reasonable,
My beauty is my own!'

Lyceia has a light foot
For a weaving walk.
Her archer muscles
Warn them how tightly
She can stretch the string.

I question Lyceia,
Whom I find posted
Beneath my window
One early morning:
'What do the wolves learn?'

'They learn only envy',
Lyceia answers,
'Envy and hope,
Hope and chagrin.
Would you howl too
In that wolfish circle?'
She laughs as she speaks.

ROBERT GRAVES

'Man on a Beach'
Drawing by Constable
(Victoria & Albert Museum, London)



At your leisure . . .

Three hundred and fifty years ago,

the poet George Herbert wrote:

"He hath no leisure who useth it not."

Some people are similarly worried today

by the increase in leisure

that is now becoming a reality for everyone.

'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'

For ourselves,

we find it a happy thought,

rather than an alarming one,

that more and more people

should have more time to do what they want;

a greater chance to enrich their days as they please,

Or even just to loll about,

like this man on the beach in Constable's drawing.

And we like to think that when you yourself

go off to pleasant places in the car

or sit at home on winter days in a warm house

or find innumerable household chores immensely simplified

by the use of synthetic materials

like nylon and detergents and polythene,

you may give a thought

to a fact which we all accept without question

but seldom realise . . .

oil—and Esso—are helping you

to more leisure.



B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

August 17-23

Wednesday, August 17

The trial opens in Moscow of Francis Powers, the American pilot accused of spying

Dockers' union accepts offer by employers of a wage increase of 11s. a week

Mr. Lumumba, the Congolese Prime Minister, says he will send troops into Katanga in a week's time unless the Security Council's new resolution on the Congo is 'entirely satisfactory'

Thursday, August 18

6,000 London dockers go on unofficial strike in protest at terms of wage settlement agreed to by their union

Peter Poole, a European engineer, is executed in Nairobi for the murder of an African

United Nations troops take over control of Leopoldville airport after an incident in which Canadian soldiers were man-handled by Congolese troops

Friday, August 19

The Russians launch a space-ship into orbit around the earth carrying two dogs, rodents, flies, and plants

The dockers' strike spreads to Birkenhead
Penguin Books, publishers of unexpurgated edition of D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, are served with a summons under the Obscene Publications Act

Saturday, August 20

Russians announce that dogs sent up in a space-ship have been brought back alive

Russia calls for the withdrawal of Canadians from the United Nations forces

Sunday, August 21

U.N. Security Council meets to consider developments in the Congo arising from threats by the Congolese to United Nations control over the country

Sir Thomas Yates, General Secretary of the National Union of Seamen, has meeting in London with Mr. Jim Slater, a leader of the unofficial seamen's strike

Monday, August 22

Mr. Lumumba expresses 'satisfaction' with Security Council's endorsement of Mr. Hammarskjöld's policy over the Congo

T.U.C. publishes a report on strikes and shop stewards

Tuesday, August 23

Tense and confused situation is reported from the capital of the Congo

Leader of seamen's unofficial strike is sent to prison for Contempt of Court. Strike ends in Southampton, but continues in Liverpool

Talks over pay increases in railway workshops break down



The end of British rule in Cyprus: a photograph received in London last week of Sir Hugh Foot, the last British Governor, with Archbishop Makarios, first President of the new republic and Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish Vice-President, after Sir Hugh had read the proclamation of independence on August 16 before leaving the island



The new Union Castle liner 'Windsor Castle' of 38,000 tons which left Southampton on her maiden voyage to South Africa on August 18

Right: the winning entry, by Mr. Frederick Gibberd, in a competition for a design for a new Roman Catholic Cathedral in Liverpool. The altar is in the centre of the building which will hold 3,000 people. Mr. Gibberd has used the existing crypt of a cathedral, designed by Sir Edward Lutyens but never completed, as a platform for his building



Francis Powers, over the Soviet Moscow during (glasses) is his R pleac



Members of a t Edinburgh Festi of the



t of the U-2 aircraft which was shot down
photographed in the Hall of Columns in
g last week. On the extreme left (wearing
nset, Mr. Mikhail Griniev. Powers, who had
enced to ten years' imprisonment



and taking part in the military tattoo at the
a display of dancing and drill by soldiers
1. The festival opened last Sunday



Sir Lewis Namier, who died on
August 19, at the age of 72, made
outstanding contributions to the
study of modern history. His book
*The Structure of Politics at the
Accession of George III* revolution-
ized the study of English
history in the eighteenth century.
From 1931 to 1953 he was Pro-
fessor of Modern History at
Manchester University, and since
then on the editorial board of
The History of Parliament. He
also wrote on the origins of the
last war. For many years he was
a keen Zionist



Swedish soldiers of the United Nations force on guard outside the post office
in Elisabethville, capital of the Congolese province of Katanga, last week. It
is expected that the withdrawal of Belgian troops from the Congo will be
completed by the end of the month



A street in Rome decorated with the Olympic emblem and flags of the nations
taking part in the twelfth Olympic Games which open today

WHY?



Don't just say brown—say Hovis. That's what we've been saying month after month—and we've been rather expecting you to ask 'Why should I?'

It's a fair question, and you're entitled to know the facts—so here they are. Judge for yourself.

When a miller makes wheat into flour, he doesn't just crush the grain into powder—he separates it into three parts.

These are:—

- 1 THE WHITE 'KERNEL'** of the wheat grain. This is mainly starch, and the experts call it the endosperm.
- 2 THE HUSK OR BRAN.** This is the tough, fibrous outer skin of the grain, which our digestive systems cannot absorb.
- 3 THE WHEATGERM.** This contains a high proportion of the wheat's nourishing properties.

Now what happens to these three parts of the wheat once they have been separated? That depends upon what kind of flour the miller intends to make. For instance . . .

WHITE FLOUR is made from the white endosperm alone. The bran is taken out and used to make animal foods. The wheatgerm goes too—and to make up for its loss, synthetic vitamins and other nutrients are added.

BROWN FLOUR varies, but usually contains endosperm, part of the wheatgerm, and a fair proportion of bran. Wholemeal flour is made from the whole grain, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

HOVIS FLOUR. This is natural, creamy-white flour, from which all the indigestible bran has been taken away. The wheatgerm has gone, too—but only temporarily. It is lightly toasted to improve its flavour and then put back into the flour. *Then extra wheatgerm is added, so that the bread contains about eight times the normal amount.*

Well, now you know the facts, what do you think? Have we been fair to say 'Don't just say brown—say Hovis'? Or should we go even further and say . . .

Don't just say bread—say **Hovis**

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Irresponsible Society

Sir,—No thoughtful person can feel comfortable about the blemishes on our affluent society, to which Professor Titmuss referred in his Third Programme talk, published in THE LISTENER of August 11. Indeed, some of the staunchest advocates of the extension of life-time pensions argue most strongly that state benefits for those in real need should be substantially improved. But his suggestion that insurance companies, in investing the policy-holders' money to the best advantage are acting responsibly will not really hold water. In practice the workings of the free market usually attract funds where profit and security go hand in hand with the satisfaction of social needs. What, I submit, is the basic answer to our criticism and it is certainly suggested by the investment experience of my particular Institution during more than a century.

In the first decade of the U.K. Provident, when railways were being built all over the country, we took our share in providing railway capital. Loans on parish rates were other items in our early accounts; and our first chairman, Robert Warner, commented that such loans added to prosperity and comfort by enabling many towns to carry out these measures of amelioration in the sanitary conditions of our country . . . lessening dangers of life to our policy-holders'. Again, in the eighteen-sixties we began to invest in houses, and in the next fifty years our Institution built and managed very large estates in the London area, bringing profit to the policy-holders and benefit to the community long before public authorities began to provide housing.

Coming to the present century, we began to invest in industry during a period of great depression; and after the war, when for a time there was a real shortage of risk capital, insurance funds were a main source of new money for industry. In seeking advantage for policy-holders we were at the same time helping to provide the sinews for restoring and developing Britain's post-war trade.

From presiding over a board of directors week by week for more than eleven years, I can assure Professor Titmuss that the public interest is one of the factors constantly in our minds when investments are being made, and that, while always limiting our stake in any one company so as to avoid control, our decisions are made with a very real sense of responsibility. I agree that the power of insurance companies is increasing with the national output, and calls for still greater vigilance and responsibility. But it is also my firm conviction that the public interest is well served by our present investment operations. The Professor's reference to 'what little competition remains' between the insurance companies was incorrect. Eighty insurance companies, acting freely and in competition, ensure that the power of investment is very widely spread, whereas if this were subject to

central direction or control it could easily lead to restrictions and abuse.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.3

JOHN BENN

The United Kingdom Provident Institution

Science is Social

Sir,—Dr. Ziman's theory of scientific truth (THE LISTENER, August 18) as that which has been agreed on publicly by the experts after due discussion and tests, etc., has quite a venerable history. The last time it received considerable prominence was over sixty years ago, from the hands of William James, Charles Peirce, John Dewey, F. C. S. Schiller, and others, who spent much time in working up their 'pragmatic' and their 'social' theories of truth. Philosophy is a much-needed and constant activity of criticism (including the philosophy of science), and needless to say these theories were subjected to considerable attack. They are now pretty dead.

Dr. Ziman can hardly mean that everything agreed on publicly by the experts (even were it possible to define non-circularly any of these terms—which he seems to doubt) *at any given time* is true, let alone is what we *mean* by truth. The struggle of the early pioneers of any science would make little sense on that theory. J. R. Mayer's first article which blazed a trail for the discovery of the principle of conservation of energy (1842) was either ignored or attacked—a tissue of errors, wrote Herr Professor Dr. Pfaff, a member of the establishment, in a review three years later. Waterston's paper on the foundations of kinetic theory of gases, a fundamental one, was rejected by the Royal Society, being—according to one of the referees—'mere nonsense'. And so one could go on.

Of course, the more well-entrenched and comprehensive the activities of a club become, the greater the possibilities for common agreement upon facts and methods, though one would have thought that a *variety* of warring psychological schools was a sign of intellectual health and not of sickness, suggesting that there is something seriously amiss with Dr. Ziman's general account.

It is of course true that if you do not specify a time limit, sooner or later the ghost of most of the nonsense produced over the centuries will be laid. From which does not follow the conclusions that what survives is what one ought to *mean* by 'truth'. Nor does it follow that there is—as Dr. Ziman suggests as the threatened alternative to his proposal—'one absolute truth'. I know of no philosopher to whom this has meant anything, at least since the time of Hegel. It is just to say that *many* logical elements go into the claim that a certain scientific piece of research is satisfactory; to say that it is satisfactory if people agree with it after criticism and tests, is surely to scratch merely the surface of the subject (what is it they agree on?); no wonder there isn't much left for the philosopher! Because nowadays scientists often choose (and for good reasons) to join in a cor-

porate effort in which they play according to the rules of the game, it does not follow that *that* characterization of their work has caught the minutiae of the scientific effort, of what is specific to it and sets it off from other activities. After all, there are many ways of playing games, and indeed examples like the society of stock-brokers (Dr. Ziman's example) may like all models enlighten. But do not let us think that one model provides the answer. And least of all let us subscribe to such a conservative and comfortable model as 'public agreement' to define scientific truth. Would Dr. Ziman subscribe to the ethical analogue: right is what the top-people subscribe to?

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

GERD BUCHDAHL

Out in the Midday Sun

Sir,—In his interesting discussion (THE LISTENER, August 18) of the problem of the white settlers in Africa, Mr. Boris Gussman refers to the need for some group of people to whom the settlers can turn and who understand the real nature of their problem.

This organization—Oversea Service—has been doing practical work in this field for some seven years. Jointly founded by the Christian Churches, the State and a number of enlightened business firms, Oversea Service is used and supported by British government departments, the fighting services, overseas governments and an ever increasing number of industrial, commercial and banking concerns.

The main function of Oversea Service is to provide short residential introductory courses for people going out to work in public or private employment, or on their own account, in Africa and other tropical areas. The courses are designed to help the people who attend them to understand the political and social as well as the physical conditions of the countries to which they are going, to prepare themselves for the mental adjustments which they will have to make if they are to be happy and successful in the new life, and to appreciate the responsibility which they carry as representatives of Western Christian civilization.

The courses are on a regional basis and cover many parts of the world, but in the present context it is particularly relevant to mention the special series of courses which are now being given to emigrants to the Rhodesias.

The London Office of Oversea Service (2 Eaton Gate, S.W.1) will gladly send fuller information about the work and facilities to any reader of THE LISTENER who is interested.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

CHARLES JEFFRIES

The Retreat from the Word

Sir,—In his allusions to the linguistic poverty of American poetry and fiction, Mr. Steiner (THE LISTENER, July 21) betrays a sharp bias



HAVING IT OUT WITH THE QUEEN

WHEN Queen Elizabeth I refused to have a tooth drawn because she feared the pain, Bishop Aylmer "though he were an old Man, and had not many Teeth to spare, immediately had the Surgeon come and pull out one of his Teeth . . . in her Majestie's Presence. Which accordingly was don: and She was hereby encouraged to submit to the Operation herself."

Today such heroism is unknown, and indeed unnecessary. We aim to keep our teeth, and to keep them healthy. And we know, for example, that the earlier we start our children in good dental habits—by teaching them the C D E F rule for good teeth—the more promise we give them of healthy teeth both now and in adult life.

C **CLEANING** Often and thorough, to remove food particles that can cause decay. After each meal if possible.

D **DENTIST** Regular visits to catch any trouble early.

E **EXERCISE** Lots of chewing—apples, celery, chewing gum, raw vegetables. Helps to clean teeth, promotes flow of saliva (nature's mouthwash); stimulates gums, aids proper jaw development.

F **FOOD** Plenty of milk, butter, cheese, eggs: rich in minerals and vitamins for strong teeth and healthy gums.

the finest
filter tip cigarettes
are in the
famous red box
du MAURIER



Twenty Exceptional Virginia Cigarettes for 4/1

in favour of the seasoned European tradition, as opposed to the youthful traditions of the United States. Since this bias underlies his thesis on the contemporary 'retreat from the word', it begs for examination in the light of facts, rather than in the shadow of subjective distaste. As a student of world literature (not least the literature of my own country) I must take issue with Mr. Steiner's conclusions.

Language forms and develops as a result of the common experiences of a people, and it is a primary function of the writer to restate such shared experiences in illuminating ways through the usage of vital words, rhythms, and appropriate literary vehicles. In order to arouse his audience (which an artist must do, if he has any hope of communication) he must draw from the basic stock of common verbal experience, since it is clear that any language owes whatever richness it possesses to the past, and to a memory of the past active in readers of the present. It seems academic to suggest that the language of a more or less homogeneous civilization which has been in existence for some 1,500 years will differ in richness and resources from that of a polyglot civilization which, at most, has existed for some 100 years.

The American language has undergone its peculiar evolution owing to the immense variety of national backgrounds and speech patterns which it has been obliged to accommodate. The settlers in America made a deliberate break with the past and with the small, uniform societies which group had inhabited, in order to create a new society, and in so doing, lost the homogeneity of the Old World. If the English language in Britain had only the Normans, Franks, Celts, and Saxons to deal with, consider the effect upon the King's English of Swedish, German, Dutch, Russian, Italian, French, *ad nauseam*. Each of these languages contributed, and at the same time deleted, accents, rhythms and vocabulary from the 'mother tongue', producing different patterns as a consequence. Language is also influenced by the ideas and experiences which it is required to express. Literary works treating the American frontier, the Deep South, the complexities of urban life, demanded, and will continue to demand, a diction and vocabulary vastly different from that which describes genteel conflicts in an English drawing-room. The difference between a Carl Sandburg and a Gerard Manley Hopkins is one of raw experience, and it is hardly surprising if their literary expression exists on entirely separate levels. Similarly with Hemingway and Lawrence Durrell. That Wallace Stevens must, like that contemptible American tourist to whom Mr. Steiner refers, borrow French expressions to use in his poetry merely indicates that his roots are not as deep in America as are those of a Welsh poet in the customs and mystique of his native Wales.

Language-making, like myth-making, relies upon a close familiarity with the traditions of the past, or, to borrow a Jungian phrase, 'the collective unconscious of the race'. It is no doubt lamentable, but none the less unalterable, that we cannot all be English, or Irish or Welsh, and that we must evolve our own traditions as befits our unique heritage. We must communicate what we know, and what we know, for the most part, is not the aristocratic but the democratic tradition, much as many feel obliged upon to deplore this fact. If we do not cultivate our own gardens, we shall be in danger

of a mass migration to our mother country, and that, as any census taker will tell you, would be unfortunate—not to say disastrous.

Yours, etc.,

New York, 29

JANE JAFFE

Back from Oberammergau

Sir,—The Rev. Gilbert Cope, in his criticism of the Passion play, surely forgets the whole purpose of its production—the fulfilment of the vow of the villagers; it is thus essentially an act of thanksgiving and devotion. Since the world has taken notice of what is there done, tensions and conflicts are of necessity introduced which are reflected in the production—the mixed motives of the audience in coming, the desire of the people to accommodate as many as they can, the laudable objects to which the profits are devoted, the less laudable hopes which doubtless some villagers entertain.

Two solutions are possible: to return to the presentation in a field, from which strangers are excluded by lack of space, or to commercialize the whole thing. Mr. Cope seems to accept the latter, but that would make the play merely one more of the spectacular international events, such as the Olympic Games and the Edinburgh Festival, of which we already have plenty.

'Do we know the full charge against Jesus and why the Jewish leaders were so violent?' Yes, and their concern was neither genuinely political nor eschatological. Most powerfully the sinfulness of man is shown forth on the stage. One and all raged against Jesus because he thwarted their selfish aims and ambitions. The worship of the God of Israel was a cloak which Jesus stripped off them and none, from the High Priest to the crowd, could bear to see themselves as they were or revise their self-centred conceptions.

I sincerely hope that the fulfilment of the Vow will remain the motive for presenting the Passion play—I am certain it will—and that the necessary revisions will be made from a desire to make it a more perfect offering of thanksgiving. If we aliens want to attend, we ought to go in the spirit of the medieval pilgrims, not to view a great artistic spectacle but to partake of the mysteries there shown forth and to bring away a blessing with us.—Yours, etc.,

Prestonpans

(Rev.) A. T. H. TAYLOR

[We have received many other letters on this subject.—Editor, THE LISTENER]

Manet's 'The Firing Party'

Sir,—By what monstrous inundation did the sea sweep into Manet's 'The Firing Party'? According to Mr. Ettlinger 'there is simply a brown and green piece of land, the dark blue seas, and a stormy sky. Land, sea, sky—that is how we read these simple indications, but the sea consists of nothing more than some dark blue brush-strokes'. And later he tells us that in a large painting at Mannheim, Manet has put a wall 'in the place of the empty foreshore'.

Maximilian was shot on a hill, the Cerro de las Campanas, an easy walk out of Querétaro, itself at an altitude of 5,947 feet, and at least 200 miles as the crow flies from any foreshore.

Painting what the eye sees can lead to queer misinterpretations when the computer behind the seeing eye is loaded, like Professor Ettlinger's, with a factual error.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.6

HOWELL DAVIES

The Old Western Gunfighter

Sir,—I read with interest the letter by Mr. L. E. Pettman concerning the talk by Colin Rickards on the gunfighter.

I supplied Mr. Rickards with information on Wild Bill Hickok, so perhaps I can clarify certain points raised. Mr. Pettman doubts Hickok's ability to hit a one-foot circle at 100 yards with a handgun. Unfortunately we do not know for sure the size of the 'O'. During some research conducted on my behalf by a friend in Kansas City, it was established that saloon signs of the day varied from 'seven-inch high letters to sometimes three feet—depending on the size, splendour, and attractions of the establishment'.

Bearing this in mind I personally conducted several tests at Bisley with some friends, and at the same time had a muzzle-loading club in California do the same. They had more licence to shoot without restrictions than we had, so their tests were more conclusive. From the tests it was concluded that a man of Hickok's capabilities could, with deliberate aim, and most certainly from a rest, put at least four out of six, or seven out of ten (using two pistols of course) balls into a two-foot circle at 100 yards; the success of the shooting depending on the skill of the shooter, the tightness of the weapon, plus its condition, and the quality of the powder and caps; the bullets being no problem since they were moulded in a standard tool.

The weapons used by Wild Bill to perform this feat (and several others) were a pair of Colt's .36 calibre 1851 Navy revolvers. They were percussion pistols (cap and ball). Sighted in at distances varying from 25 to 60 yards (the factory would 'target' various pistols on request) the 'Navy' was accurate up to 150 yards. At distances over that a great deal of luck prevailed, as must have been the case when a British cavalry officer brought down a Russian Cossack with a snap shot at a reported distance of 533 yards; which in anyone's language was a fluke to end all flukes. The 'Navy' was perhaps the most popular of the old cap and ball Colt's, and was used by most of the old-time 'Wild West' characters. From its basic design was developed the Peacemaker.

I agree with Mr. Pettman about the old-time fast draw. Judged by today's publicized speeds, the old timers were slow. But it was the man behind the gun that mattered, not the speed. Which means that the oft quoted comment in Kansas newspapers that Wild Bill was 'quick with his pistol' and prepared to kill or be killed would still apply today.—Yours, etc.,

Ruislip

JOSEPH G. ROSA

Associate Secretary, English Westerners' Society

'Home and Away'

Sir,—I did not suggest that Mr. Pudney ought not to 'write himself Poet' but that poets ought not to commit his kind of prose.

With regard to the other matter, I am not inaccurate; he is forgetful. In his letter he says ('correcting' me):

I was afterwards sent to Malta, not to write the official history of the island at war, but to do a pamphlet. . . .

In his book (page 133) he says:

In that unlikely base [a hotel in Malta], I wrote the official history of Malta at war, as commanded.

Yours, etc.,

Abinger Hammer

HILARY CORKE

Van Dyck's Drawings at Antwerp

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

IN the present age of art exhibitions galore not even the cautious ranks of officialdom have hesitated about the probable success of parading before a lord-loving crowd a row or two of Van Dyck's fine people painted in their silks. Artists of seventeenth-century Europe are today in fashion, including many of less consequence than he. It seems that exhibition-goers are more anxious than ever to know just how the masters of the past prepared for their masterpieces. More interest goes into how these men sketched and drew than into how they completed their paintings. Yet only now for the first time—and sadly not in London, where Van Dyck spent ten busy years of the twenty-five or so in his working life—has the public got a chance of a good look at an extensive array of his drawings.

The long awaited exhibition is considerably worth while, though in some ways I feel decidedly critical. It is on view in Antwerp, at the reconstructed house of Rubens, until the end of August. And it reopens for four weeks from September 10 at Museum Boymans-van Beuningen in Rotterdam. That twentieth-century museum has itself made a distinguished loan of ten drawings. But, failing London, the historically more appropriate place is Van Dyck's native city; and, in Antwerp, the Rubenshuis clearly offers the right setting. Van Dyck himself was there often enough. Indeed some of the hundred-odd drawings lent for this exhibition may have been done within a few yards of where they are now on view.

One such drawing, I believe, is the young Van Dyck's copy of an 'Adoration of the Shepherds' which Rubens had recently painted. This he drew in black chalk with intense care to instruct an engraver. Rubens then corrected its emphases here and there with pen and ink and a few brush-strokes of white. Near it hangs another large and elaborate drawing, made not many months later for a similar purpose: Van Dyck's copy of a grand composition which he himself had painted in emulation of Rubens, 'The Mocking of Christ'. This vibrant record of his own achievement shows how he profited from work of this sort done for Rubens. Technically it is a marvel, in its subtle combination of chalk point with brush point and atmospheric wash. The pen-strokes are the corrections of a man whose self-criticism raced ahead of his performance.

These handsome documents, seen together, define a special interrelation of the two artists. They suggest also how Van Dyck's early training fitted him for the scarcely less exacting task self-imposed much later, the preparation of numerous small portraits precise enough to serve for his printed *Iconography* of notables.

To understand Van Dyck as a draughtsman we have to take into account his full statements made in all these drawings, which are more or less highly finished for the attention of others—though not intended for public exhibition. But he reveals his qualities to us more obviously



'Ecce Homo', by Van Dyck

Lent by the Musées de Besançon

when drawing to work out his ideas at speed, wholly for himself.

One brilliant example is his composition trial for an 'Ecce Homo'. His pen fairly flies about the paper: Christ; some guards; Pilate; the hang of Christ's robe at His left; more guards to give density to the group; a dog. The wash shading is as fierce as the lines are rapid. As an urgent summary of a pathetic moment, the drawing captures our imagination. But, prying, we see that the eye which directs the hand is undisciplined by any profound study of sculpture; that the relationship of figures in space is not clearly determined; and that the hand is slack, even clumsy, in its cyphering of limbs and their extremities. These are ways in which Van Dyck diverged from Rubens, to whom he owed so much knowledge of the practice and potentialities of drawing.

Besides contrasts, we can find developments in the exhibition. As a young man close to Rubens, Van Dyck naturally made, on a bold scale, life studies in chalks for the attitudes of individual figures. But, as we might expect from his artistic temperament, his figures are more nervously stressed, not so impressively plastic. Van Dyck revised to suit himself the working methods which Rubens had adapted from Annibale Carracci. Then, in Italy, he really discovered his affinity with the Bolognese master of the next generation to Annibale, Guido Reni. Here one must look not only at the beautiful oil-sketches for an 'Assumption', largely modelled on a masterpiece by Reni, and at his notebook copies from Reni, but at the magnificent chalk study for a 'St. Sebastian'. In its easy rhythms and consciously graceful idealizations this is significantly removed from his earlier approach to the problems of figure drawing.

And Van Dyck's essential development expresses itself in technique as well as in style. In those superb studies for the Saventem 'St. Martin', the horse, and the kneeling beggar, he used white chalk with black to increase the feel of plasticity. But afterwards in the 'St. Sebastian', and even more in portrait studies for the Caroline court, white combines with black on coloured paper to convey the flicker of light over forms which are almost volatile.

The organizers of the exhibition have done well to assemble groups of drawings. We can really follow for each of his principal compositions the sequence of his ideas, their drastic reshaping and reversals, together with the relevant life studies. And of particular appeal to the visitor from England is the grouping of views of Rye. Van Dyck's importance for English landscape drawing of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries can be seen by anyone who enjoys his pen drawings tinted with colour, and his drawing in washes of pure water-colour. But the cataloguers could use their eyes with more care. They are blind to the importance for Van Dyck's beginnings of the sketchbook which they might have requested from Chatsworth.

Instead of burdening the catalogue with entries—and illustrations—for drawings which the British Museum cannot lend, and taking wall space with bleary photographs of them, why not show some of the dazzlingly beautiful preparatory sketches painted in monochrome, or even some of the finished prints for the *Iconography*? These also are to be found in British collections, from which has come in any case a third of the total loan. A satisfying exhibition of the full range of Van Dyck as graphic artist can come only, with discrimination of choice, in London.

—From a talk in 'Comment' (Third Programme)

Three Ways to Shakespeare

By GEORGE WATSON

SUPPOSE someone were to put the blunt question: what problems, nowadays, are critics of Shakespeare trying to solve? The modern Shakespeare critic might fumble a little, at first. But given time to collect his thoughts, he would probably answer in historical terms, something like this.

There have been three ways of talking about Shakespeare in this century. First, there were those who talked about the plays as if they were novels, and psychological novels at that—the sort of novels where we feel entitled to go on asking questions about the principal characters after we have closed the book. This was the chief Victorian way of Shakespeare criticism; it was dignified in the Oxford lectures of A. C. Bradley sixty years ago, and it has hardly been practised at all since the first world war; and it is very English.

The Plays as Historical Documents

Second, there are the students of theatrical conventions—a school which is German and American in its origins. They set themselves up just before the first world war to destroy the Bradley tradition, and they succeeded in a remarkably short time and with remarkably little fuss. They are fiercely historical, anti-sentimental, and factual. They disallow all questions about character that lie outside the play itself, and they dismiss as frivolous all speculation as to which heroine of Shakespearean comedy would make the best wife, what Hamlet was doing before the play started, what Iago's motives for intriguing against Othello 'really' were, and so on. They treat the plays, in fact, as if they were historical documents in a given theatrical tradition.

Third, there is the Anglo-American school of imagery-analysis founded by Professor Wilson Knight and others in the nineteen-thirties, which studies plays as if they were poems. This school explores something called 'total significance' by means of something else called the 'spatial analysis' of the language of the play as a whole, and it is entirely indifferent to the theatrical qualities of dramatic works.

This thumb-nail sketch does rough justice to critics of any school, but at least it serves to arrange Shakespeare criticism in this century under appropriate headings, and it also serves to establish kinship and mark out differences of principle. But the intelligent and sympathetic layman who put the original question might notice several negative facts at once. The first is the lack of an opposition to the third, established, mode of Shakespeare criticism. For better or worse Bradleyanism, or the school of character-analysis, was killed stone dead before the first world war. But the David that killed this Goliath has himself hardly survived the second war. The German and American discovery that Shakespeare's plots and characters embody the theatrical conventions of his own age has not been discredited, but it has certainly talked itself out. In demolishing Bradley, it has deprived

itself of any obvious reason for existing, as successful revolutionaries often do. It cannot find an argument. And by elimination, this leaves the school of imagery-analysis in full possession, like a government without an opposition.

Where Does the New Criticism Fit In?

Again (and this is a purely negative fact) the layman may ask where the New Criticism fits into all this, and he can only be told that it does not. The fact is that Shakespeare criticism is something special, out of step with critical fashion in general. It is true that the school of imagery-analysis owes something to pre-war experiments in verbal analysis undertaken by Robert Graves and William Empson, and Shakespearean sonnets were once the very stuff on which several New Critics cut their teeth. But the New Criticism was never much interested in analysis over a wide area. It spurned the epic, and it turned a cold shoulder to the novel and the play in favour of the short poem, for the severely practical reason that only the short poem really lends itself to close analysis of this kind.

Reading a book like Professor L. C. Knights's *Some Shakespearean Themes**, you can see that it could not have happened without the neocritical revolution: but it is not itself a neocritical book. Professor Knights's interests are too wide-ranging, too philosophical. He establishes at the start what he thinks a play is about, and he then discusses a few selected passages to show that it is really there. He begins with abstractions, and he is boldly deductive, as the New Criticism affected to be inductive. 'It is difficult to say', he admits in his account of *Troilus and Cressida*, 'exactly how we experience the play not as a succession of parts, but as a living whole'; but he evidently has no doubts that we should and do experience it like that. It is what he calls 'the whole orchestration' of the play that he is listening to, not just a few of 'the more obvious tunes'.

The Inquiring Layman's Doubt

So Shakespeare criticism is formidably of a piece, and it is also strangely independent of the critical wars that rage about it. It looks confident, it seems to know where it is going. And yet the inquiring layman may seek one last word, and it is a word of doubt. Plays as novels (he will say), plays as documents in history, plays as poems: is there no one who considers Shakespeare's plays as if they were plays? The question is hideously familiar to critics of Shakespeare, but it remains something of an embarrassment. Their books are apt to begin with denials that they are indifferent to conditions in the theatre. But they can hardly deny that, for them, the play is not really the thing. Professor Wilson Knight once put the dilemma like this:

The proper thing to do about a play's dramatic quality is to produce it, to act in it, to attend performances; but the penetration of its deeper

meanings is a different matter, and such a study, though the commentator should certainly be dramatically aware, and even wary, will not itself speak in theatrical terms.

This does not quite meet the objection: Professor Wilson Knight seems to be doing no more than inviting us into his own world of imagery-analysis to ask us, after we have watched him at it, 'Doesn't it work?' And of course it does; but it is also true that we have no chance, as things are, of comparing it with anything else. And the monopoly that the new school of Shakespeare criticism enjoys is only a contemporary aspect of an old story—the curious disinclination, on the part of English critics down the ages, to talk about the formal properties of literature; about form and structure, about 'the parts of the poem'.

It is not only twentieth-century critics who are indifferent to technical questions of the drama. It is rather that critics have, on the whole, been strikingly indifferent to them for 2,000 years. This is one of the vast, negative facts about our literary tradition which tend to be overlooked just because they are negative, and if it were not for the survival of one book we might be forgiven for overlooking it altogether. That book is Aristotle's *Poetics*, which really does talk about the formal properties of tragedy. It has had few successors. The Elizabethan critics, like our own, were largely interested in the study of imagery—they called it 'rhetoric'—and there is no surviving analysis by an Elizabethan of a single play, ancient or modern.

Critics of the Restoration

The Restoration did better, and if we were asked to point to a dramatic school of Shakespeare criticism, we should turn to the century that stretches from Dryden to Johnson. But, beside Aristotle, this criticism of the drama looks pretty thin. It shows absolutely no development from the *Poetics*—just a slow-footed attempt to catch up with what Aristotle had really said, to strip 'Aristotelianism' of some of its grosser misunderstandings. After all, that is all that Johnson is doing when he demolishes the law of the three unities in his preface to Shakespeare in 1765: he is advancing backwards towards the enlightenment of the fourth century B.C. Johnson's conclusion, which he arrives at triumphantly over the fallen bodies of so many Renaissance critics, is only a vigorous restatement of Aristotle:

It will be asked how the drama moves [its audience], if it is not to be credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original.

It takes Johnson hundreds of words of brilliant, combative prose to reach this conclusion. But it is the same point as the one from which Aristotle begins. Poems, he tells us in the first chapter of the *Poetics*, 'are all modes of imitation'. That is to say a play is not a slice of life but a picture or diagram of life; and this is

* Reviewed by John Crow in THE LISTENER of December 24, 1959; published by Chatto and Windus at 18s.

why we do not rush up on to the stage to rescue the innocent Desdemona as she is suffocated—we do not confuse a picture with the real thing.

But it is simply humiliating that it should have taken English criticism a century and a half to reach a conclusion that Aristotle seems to have regarded as a mere starting-point; and it is not clear that our understanding of dramatic illusion now, two centuries after Johnson, is any clearer than his. In its different way, the case of Dryden is no more encouraging. He is the first analyst among the English critics—that is to say, the first Englishman to *publish* a formal analysis of a literary work; we cannot know how much conversational analysis went on in Elizabethan and Jacobean London, or how good it was. But again and again Dryden seems embarrassed by the lack of ordinary English words to describe the parts of a play. And to this day there are no generally received English terms to describe what the Greeks called a *protasis*, or the informative opening of a play, where the initial situation is defined; or the *catastrophe*, which Dryden called 'the discovery, or unravelling of the plot'. These useful words, oddly enough, have no future in English criticism, and no dramatic reviewer today would be understood if he used them; though every play he sees, whether at the Old Vic or at Theatre Workshop, has both a *protasis* and an unravelling.

Beyond the Horse-and-Buggy Stage

So long as our dramatic criticism lacks elementary descriptive terms like these, one is tempted to say, it has failed to advance beyond the horse-and-buggy stage. Yet this must be wrong: Professor Knights, and other Shakespearean critics of the same sort, are conducting immensely sophisticated analyses of the plays—analyses of a sort Dryden and Johnson would not have understood—with almost no descriptive jargon at all. It is the great oddity, and in a way the great glory, of English criticism that it wins its victories without recourse to a special language. But this determination on the part of our professionals to keep up the appearance of amateur status leads to some curious results. Most people who take degrees in English in Great Britain today could not, I suspect, give the most elementary account of ordinary English metres, or tell the difference between a Petrarchan sonnet and an Elizabethan one, or describe the five-act structure of an Elizabethan play. And they are not usually asked to do any of these things. But they have all read books like *Some Shakespearean Themes*, and they can all be depended on to have a view of what Professor Knights calls the 'essential significance' of *King Lear*.

No doubt, if we had to choose (though I cannot see that we *do* have to choose), we should not have it otherwise; and, in any case, such partial indifference does not affect the value of books like these. Modern critics of Shakespeare could almost certainly undertake a formal analysis of a play if they chose to do so, and they have chosen not to do so because they happen to be interested in other things. But it does lead to a situation in which the ordinary reader of Shakespeare is tempted to run before he can walk. For myself, I should not know where to point if I were asked for an example of a formal analysis of an Elizabethan play:

I should probably be forced back three centuries to Dryden's account of Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, which is conducted in a matter-of-fact language of almost pure description very unfamiliar to us now:

To begin first with the length of the action... 'Tis all included in the limits of three hours and a half... The scene of it is laid in London; the latitude of place is almost as little as you can imagine... The continuity of scenes is observed more than in any of our plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchemist*... The action of the play is entirely one: the aim and end of which is the settling Morose's estate on Dauphine... The business of [the plot] rises in every Act. The second is greater than the first, the third than the second, and so forward to the fifth,... [where] the discovery is made.

A Skill of Contrivance

As it happens, this is not very accurate. But it is Dryden's business-like tone that excites our admiration now, his realization that a play is a contrived thing, and that its force lies in the skill of its contrivance. He is a young playwright himself, he knows what writing plays is like, and he seems alert for signs of superior technique in Ben Jonson, like the rising tempo of comedy, which he can use himself. I do not say that this kind of criticism is better than what we are familiar with today: Dryden's formal analysis is not even very good of its kind, and one is forced back to it chiefly for want of good modern examples. But surely it is clear that some modern critics have neglected something essential to the art of Shakespeare in neglecting such analysis as this, and that they have falsified, by their silence, the quality of his genius. For Shakespeare, too, was an arch-contriver, and it is only through his contrivance that we learn of 'essential significance' at all.

The real merit of Professor Knights's book is not that it exploits the techniques of fashionable Shakespeare criticism—the third school of imagery-analysis—but that in occasional hints it points the way forward, enticingly, to a fourth school of criticism, to a kind not unlike the one Dryden and Johnson failed to create: something technically aware, and aware of technique not for its own sake but for the sake of meanings that only technical analysis can reveal.

'Ultimate Significances'

There can be no question, certainly, of going back on the revolution that occurred in Shakespearean studies between the wars, of denying that 'ultimate significances' really are there in the plays, and that a study of language may help to reveal them. This discovery is of permanent importance. But there are now hopeful signs that Shakespearean critics of the future will not content themselves with the analysis of passages out of context, and that issues of total structure as well as 'total significance' are beginning to count for something.

One of the conditions Professor Knights insists upon before beginning his analysis of *Troilus and Cressida* is that 'we retain a lively sense of the dramatic context of each formal exposition, with its attendant ironies'; which is as much as to say that the meaning of any dramatic utterance is conditioned by our general notion, at the moment when it occurs, of the status and authority of the character who is speaking. It sounds a terrible charge

against critics of Shakespeare to suggest that they ever doubted anything so obvious. And, in a way, no one ever did. But plenty of critics in the past thirty years have been writing as if they thought context unimportant. Indeed, considerations of context really are damaging to the more exclusive school of imagery-analysis, since what Professor Knights calls 'a lively sense of the dramatic context' demands that we should attend to plot and structure before we consider details of language at all.

The story, after all, was there first: it governs our expectations (in so far as it is known or predictable) and it conditions our understanding of what is said on the stage and of what we make of it afterwards. 'Folly', as Professor Knights remarks, commenting on Lear's phrase about human life, 'this great stage of fools'—'folly is a word whose meaning changes according to the standpoint of the speaker'; and he warns us against regarding Macbeth's assertion that 'life is a tale told by an idiot' as 'a summarizing comment emerging from the play as a whole'. We respect the condition of the tragic hero when he arrives, by painful ways, at the urge to declaim against life. But, because we respect him, it does not mean that we think he is right, or suppose that Shakespeare meant us to think it.

The Final Emphasis

So how do we know where to lay final emphasis, to assert where meaning lies? The question is a perfectly proper one, now that the Victorian notion of Shakespeare as a mysteriously impartial genius—'Others abide our question: thou art free'—is rightly dismissed by all Shakespearean criticism. There have been too many convincing, or partly convincing, analyses of Shakespeare's meaning over too wide an area of his plays to admit of evasive tactics here: a Shakespeare play, and perhaps (as some critics believe) the whole body of his plays, put a case about the experience of life. Professor Knights calls *King Lear* 'the great central masterpiece' of his vast, unsystematic philosophy. Whether he is right or wrong, relations are obviously there, between plays as well as within plays. Anyone can see that Bassanio's right choice of the leaden casket in *The Merchant of Venice*, and Lear's wrong decision against Cordelia in the first scene of *King Lear*, bear a resemblance and point to a common conclusion about human values; though the two plays belong to different periods in Shakespeare's career, and though one is a comedy and the other a tragedy.

More than that, we can see that Shakespearean truth is defined by complicated processes of harmony and contrast, that it is an 'orchestration' rather than a solo performance, and that it is so because this truth is itself complicated and subtle: as the truth about military glory, say, or 'honour', is subtly defined in the course of the history plays not by direct statement, but by putting the word 'honour' into the mouths of Falstaff, Hotspur, and Henry V, and by testing the force of each view in the fate of each character. The techniques of verbal analysis we have had for years; but if, as now seems likely, critics of Shakespeare can use these old techniques with a new respect for structure and context, then we may soon have a surer way into the heart of Shakespearean drama.—*Third Programme*

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Socialism and Fascism 1931-1939

By G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan. 35s.

Reviewed by MAX BELOFF

THE FIFTH AND FINAL volume of the late G. D. H. Cole's *magnum opus* 'A History of Socialist Thought' was left incomplete at his death; but sufficient had been written to justify its publication; the major omission is two projected but unwritten chapters on Israel and India: according to Julius Braunthal's introduction these represented the two types of contemporary socialism which appeared to Cole to be the nearest approach to the ideal for which he stood. For as Cole himself wrote in the last pages of the whole work:

I am neither a Communist nor a Social Democrat, because I regard both as creeds of centralisation and bureaucracy, whereas I feel sure that a Socialist society that is to be true to its equalitarian principles of human brotherhood must rest on the widest possible diffusion of power and responsibility, so as to enlist the active participation of as many as possible of its citizens in the tasks of democratic self-government.

For someone holding such a faith the nineteen-thirties, the main theme of this volume, presented a dreary spectacle. Indeed, apart from the limited successes of welfare socialism in Scandinavia, the period is naturally seen as one wholly of retreat except where communism is concerned. The main social advance in the non-communist world, the American 'New Deal', was neither inspired by socialism nor conducive to the advance of the socialist movement in America; rather the contrary. Most disturbing of all from the point of view of a historian of socialist thought is that the theoretical springs of the movement seemed to have run dry; or at least it is Cole's opinion that they did. The French contribution to socialist thinking in the pre-war decade, he laments, 'was practically nothing'; nor does he find the case better elsewhere.

The book therefore is not strictly speaking a part of a history of socialist thought at all, but an examination of the decade (with some glances forward and back) from the point of view of a convinced socialist. In as far as there is a theoretical argument it is not about socialism but about fascism—Cole is much concerned to refute the Marxist analysis of fascism as an offshoot of capitalism and to trace it to deeper roots in the human personality.

As far as the western world is concerned there is little to dispute, granted Cole's fundamental premise. On the Soviet Union, which takes up much of his space, the doubts must be greater. Hating the régime's oppression and cruelties and yet convinced that Stalin was 'in pursuit of a world-wide revolt of the exploited and repressed which ranged the Soviet Union officially on the right side in world affairs', some ambiguity was inevitable in Cole's treatment. No references to sources are given in this book (the Chinese section of the bibliography is the only one complete enough to print); so one cannot be sure when Cole expresses the view that the Soviet peasant had settled down to

accept collectivization by the end of his period, whether or not he took into account the contrary evidence provided by events under the German occupation. Again, his view that 'there can be little doubt that the conspiracy of Tukhachevsky and the Generals was real' is supported by no evidence, and one is therefore inclined to take Mr. Leonard Schapiro's view that, on the contrary, 'all the internal evidence is against it'. But these are minor matters. What the reader must ask is whether Cole was not even more right than he knew, whether socialism had not by the nineteen-thirties given the world all that it had to offer, and whether this may not explain its continued failure to play a decisive part in the politics of the western world.

For Love or Money. By Richard Rees. Secker and Warburg. 21s.

Or 'Studies in Personality and Essence', as the sub-title informs us; and unless this is kept constantly in mind this collection of essays on 'a number of disparate themes' may seem a chaotic jumble. Starting from some pages on 'Existential Economics', we move to a revealing chapter on Florence Nightingale's *Suggestions for Thought to Searchers after Truth*, addressed to artisans, and through a complex 'View of Dostoevsky', which takes us easily to an exploratory 'Dickens'. We then jump to considering together *A Turn of the Screw* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, with a scrap on Conrad; thence to 'Monsieur Gurdjieff', make a leap to the Spanish Civil War, another to a dialogue named 'Quiz', and end up with commented scraps from Italian newspapers. We ask ourselves finally, 'What would Sir Richard Rees be at?'

The answer can most easily be found by reading the first chapter and 'Quiz'. In the former Sir Richard posits Gurdjieff's separation of 'essence' and 'personality'—developed in the later chapter—which mean, on the one hand 'being', the truth in man, instinctive wisdom, and on the other sophistication, the false in man, self-consciousness, and scientific cleverness. Which is our defence against 'primordial chaos'? The book attempts to give an answer, together with one to the question of what divides man from man. Part of the answer to the last may be found in 'Quiz', where our idea of 'culture' is presented as a greater barrier between man and man than even money. The clue is given us in a passage in the first chapter which gives us a foretaste of 'Dickens', where we are offered Joe Gargery, in whom essence and personality are inharmoniously combined: his personality is minimal, but his essence is highly mature. 'He has hardly any brains and no social self-confidence, but his strength of mind, his sensitiveness of conscience, his imaginative kindness and sympathy, in other words, the intelligence of the heart, is far above the average'.

The intelligence of the heart: that is what this book consistently bids us nourish, for the point is to determine whether the kingdom of heaven is within us, or whether civilized man is balanced on a tightrope above a chaotic ocean

of bestial and primitive instinct. Sir Richard inclines generously to the former view, though he has no faith in a Whitmanesque pantheism 'that so easily degenerates into sentimental humbug'. If he would appear to take too Rousseau-ish a view of the goodness of mankind unspoiled by institutions and the love of money, he is 'tough' enough, as some cutting observations on our commonly shared attitudes, supported by quotations from Middleton Murry, D. H. Lawrence, and Simone Weil, go to prove. He presents, in short, an original amalgam of what might seem opposing points of view, sharply critical of our culture, in which the welfare state tends to 'wipe individuality smooth. Few readers, alas, given our experience in this century will be able to agree with all that he says, but this is not a book for the lazy-minded. If you disagree, you will be forced to formulate your reasons.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

The Sign of the Fish

By Peter Quennell. Collins. 21s.

A danger of 'good style' is that it can be a snare as well as an ambition, and Mr. Quennell may perhaps be thought to have fallen into it as well as to have achieved it. Indeed *The Sign of the Fish* has so many virtues that it is almost cavalier to carp at it. Its author is curious, sensitive, abashingly well-read. He is free of every fault of egoism, assertiveness, partisanship, that tends to distort the pages of the average current work of criticism. In this volume, concerned as he tells us with 'the art of writing as seen by a middle-aged professional writer', he deploys a wide sympathy and intuition with every kind of tact and exactness. And yet, as we glide easily from a well-turned paragraph on Coleridge to a well-turned paragraph on Baudelaire and thence, without any jolt or even the suspicion of a rattle over the points, to a well-turned paragraph on Eddie Marsh, we are conscious of a certain guilty ingratitude. It is indeed this very ease that disgruntles. Well-mannered urbanity is so pervasive that some sense of a skeleton or articulation in the book is lost, all subjects when put through the style-machine wear the same face, and we are insufficiently conscious whether we are reading a given page for the first or the second or the third time, or even whether we have not arrived at it by inadvertently turning the two previous pages at once.

This de-personalizing of the material is certainly an effect of the careful prose rather than of the writer's mind. Naturally it is not in the least a self-conscious or posturing prose; but it is the kind in which time does not go by or even pass, but invariably elapses. At its most lubricated it can deliver itself of such square eggs as 'When the occasion demanded it, he did not refrain from stern reproof'. Notices of Ottoline Morrell or of Lady Cunard, both known to the author, come out rather like *Times* obituaries of the more enlightened sort. The total effect, in its combination of fastidiousness and flatness, is that—if one could conceive so alarming a phenomenon—of a Beerbohm without wit.



TIME: 2.0 a.m.

PLACE: A gaunt, floodlit hangar on the perimeter of Goodwood race track.

DAY: Thur. July 21st.

The 'two o'clock men' swarm over Bluebird. As Donald himself said "They've done a wonderful job these chaps, many of them literally haven't had their boots off for four days".

A MOTH beats senselessly round a glaring arc lamp. It's very still outside. For this is two in the morning. But inside the shadowed dome of this high, echoing hangar, there is no stillness. For this is two in the morning of the day Donald Campbell is to drive Bluebird on her first vital test.

There she stands. Low. Squat. A sleek, almost menacing blue, highlighted silhouette. And round her swarm the 2 o'clock men behind this great adventure. The unsung heroes. The mechanics who've laboured night after night for six weeks—sleepless or snatching quick, unsatisfying cat-naps—to get her ready. Men like 'Chief' Leo Villa—who's holding a muttered last minute conference right there in the foreground (he's been 40 years with the fabulous Campbells). Men like Squadron Leader Peter Carr who gave up flying supersonic jets for the R.A.F. especially to join Donald Campbell as Manager of this fantastic venture. Men like 21 years old Brian Coppock, straining into the guts

The two o'clock men behind Campbell

of Bluebird (front centre), whose only bad for the past week has been a shake-down in the hangar.



The man of the moment. Far from the least hector of the team is D. Campbell. Pressure was so great he took to a plane to meet his appointments. Here he arrives at Goodwood for the first, vital, test run.

This is what lies behind the glamour. This, and much more. The much more of months of patient research. British Petroleum is supplying all the fuel and lubricants for Bluebird. At its Sunbury Research Station enormous overtime effort has been put in to solve many completely new problems: to produce gear oil that would give protection up to a stress of 290,000 lb. per square inch at 11,000 r.p.m. in the transmission: to find greases that would stand up to the temperatures experienced in braking from 500 m.p.h.: such were the problems. They have been solved.

And, like the mechanics, BP's technicians had their reward when, at precisely 1.56 p.m. on July 21st, Donald Campbell set Bluebird's wheels spinning for the first trip under her own power round the test circuit at Goodwood.

Now Bluebird and Campbell have gone to Utah. To smash that record for Britain. BP wishes him all the luck in the world. But whether he succeeds or not, it will not be in vain. For as Campbell said "An awful lot of research has gone into this project and the private motorist will certainly enjoy the fruits of it."

BRITISH PETROLEUM



a clue to this mystery is perhaps to be found in Mr. Quennell's rueful complaint that 'I have an unlucky way of reaching the theatre just before the last act'. In life as in letters he represents himself as seldom a discoverer but usually a last arrival, almost too late, upon the scenes of others' landfalls. This lends a curiously second-hand air to even his first-hand observations, as if he sees principally through the eyes of those who have been there before him. *St d'la littérature*, in fact; books about books and books; and if one wishes to investigate the drawbacks as well as the virtues of the now-forgotten art of *belles lettres*, they are here. It is ironical that they seem inseparable from the virtues, both admirable and endearing, in which the omnipresent perpetrators of what one may call *mauvaises lettres* are so conspicuously lacking.

HILARY CORKE

St James in Spain

By T. D. Kendrick. Methuen. 25s.

Hagiology is often an extremely controversial subject. Some of the lives of the saints are valuable historical documents, others little more than pious romances. Extravagant claims have sometimes been made to privilege and property on the basis of a hagiological tradition whose validity it is quite impossible to accept. In spite of this what is often significant in a tradition of this kind is not its truth but the fact that it is believed and acted upon in the past. In this most interesting book Sir Thomas Kendrick examines three such traditions: the Apostleship of St. James in Spain and his tomb at Santiago de Compostella; the discovery of the Lead Books at Granada; and thirdly the excavation of the remains of certain saints in Spain whose authenticity was based solely upon later forgeries in medieval chronicles.

Though the Apostleship of St. James and his tomb at Santiago are still living questions, the controversies arising from these three traditions started mainly in the second half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries. St. James came under suspicion as the result of the opposition to an exorbitant tax, the *Voto de Santiago*, levied by the Chapter of Santiago, on the basis of a spurious diploma of Pedro II in which the miraculous appearance of St. James at the battle of Clavijo was fully described. The Lead Books, which were ultimately condemned by the Pope, were roundels headed with inscriptions in Arabic. They purported to contain the sayings and teachings of the Virgin, St. Peter, and St. James; and to be, therefore, of the highest importance for the history of the Church in Spain, and particularly of Granada. Even at the time of their discovery on the Sacromonte they were suspected of more cautious historians, but their final downfall was caused by their extravagant claims and heretical tendencies. They were the work of two Moriscos, Miguel de Luna and Alonso Castillo, who planted them in dumps of earth caused by digging for relics.

Sir Thomas Kendrick has out of this at first a rather unpromising material written a fascinating story. He is far more concerned with the reactions of the contemporaries of the controversies than with their intrinsic worth. This is where the true value of the book lies. Too many of these grotesque legends are dismissed as

the vagaries of rogues and fools, but their interest is wider. Once they were living issues and influenced the minds and passions of men. As such they deserve to be respected and examined.

FRANCIS WORMALD

Cyprus and Makarios

By Stanley Mayes. Putnam. 30s.

Why was a settlement in Cyprus eventually reached which did not correspond to the original desires of any of the parties to the dispute? The answer lies in the history of the struggle from 1954 to 1959, and this is now told in detail by Mr. Stanley Mayes, a sympathetic philhellene who has both studied the problem and lived close to it during the last few years.

As Mr. Mayes says in his preface, his book will not give much pleasure to his many Greek friends. I doubt if it would be possible to do so in any honestly written book by an Englishman at this time. But there is one thing about which everyone will agree with him, and that is the central role he gives to the Archbishop.

The book begins by showing how Makarios's political position as Head of the Church of Cyprus was built up over the centuries. It examines his relations with Eoka, the Communists, the Turks, the British Government, and the British Labour Party. One chapter describes how Makarios, after a long struggle, prevailed upon the Greek Government to sponsor his cause; two more trace his failure to get a United Nations decision in his favour and his success in opposing a Nato solution. The various constitutional offers made by Britain are compared and the final settlement analysed. Mr. Mayes believes that the pressures against Makarios now are moral and logical rather than political; and he finds a streak of ambivalence running through the Archbishop's political career, which leaves him uncertain whether Makarios ever really wanted enosis, or may not instead prefer the dominant position that his predecessors had in eighteenth-century Cyprus.

The conclusion one must draw from the book is that the reason why neither the Greeks nor the British were able to gain what they wanted out of the Cyprus dispute was because of the mistakes they made. For the British, I agree with Mr. Mayes that it would have been wiser not to adopt, up to 1955, the rigid attitude that we would not talk about the problem with the Greeks because there was no problem to talk about. But to agree to talk about the status of Cyprus would have been, in the British Government's eyes, automatically to compromise that status; and in 1954 the Conservative Government was no more ready to do so than the Labour Government had been five years earlier.

There was one other occasion when I believe that a less rigid attitude on the part of the British Government would have been fruitful, and on this point I disagree with Mr. Mayes. In August 1956, just after the beginning of the Suez Canal crisis, General Grivas announced a truce in the fighting in Cyprus and a readiness to negotiate. As Mr. Mayes says, this and other truces 'were never regarded by the Cyprus Government as genuine offers to end violence' and, he goes on, 'nor were they intended as such'. He is right in the first half of that sentence, but I am not sure about the second.

It was a tragedy that both Greek and British authorities missed so many opportunities of

reconciliation and the restoration of good relations based on the traditional fund of goodwill between their two countries. The time of the Suez Canal crisis was perhaps a turning-point. For it is hard for Englishmen now to forget that Greece was then the only country except Egypt which refused an invitation to attend the international conference in London on the seizure of the Canal by President Nasser. Then, if ever, was the Greek Government's opportunity to proclaim its basic solidarity with Greece's friends in the West; but the opportunity was thrown away, at almost the same moment as the opportunity of the truce in Cyprus was thrown away by the British Government. On that occasion Archbishop Makarios can hardly be blamed, since he was in exile in the Seychelles; but there were many other mistakes of policy which Mr. Mayes rightly lays at his door. The record makes gloomy reading. But Greece's best friends are those who are frank with her.

C. M. WOODHOUSE

Victoria and Albert Museum: Catalogue of the Constable Collection. By Graham Reynolds. H.M.S.O. £6 6s.

Constable made the greatest purely English contribution to European painting since the Middle Ages. One can without embarrassment talk about Turner as 'British', but to speak of Constable as anything but 'English' is absurd, and he loved and painted only a few parts of southern England, which now represent our notion of 'English scenery' with as poetical a completeness as the Roman Campagna, thanks to Claude, makes up our notion of Italian landscape. Soon after his death C. R. Leslie, the painter's friend, published in 1843 his *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable, Esq., R.A.*, which was as excellent an immediate memorial of the painter as could have been wished, but since then the study of Constable has become strangely bemused. Copies and imitations and sophistications and forgeries, especially of his sketches, have filled the public and private collections and auction rooms of two continents for decades, and several serious scholars who have begun to embark on a serious book on him have been overtaken by despair or collapse. Sir Charles Holmes, in 1902, wrote a splendid appreciation of Constable's place in the tradition of landscape painting, but pretty well all later books, and not least Shirley's edition of Leslie's *Memoirs*, although providing a good deal of new material, have confused rather than clarified our knowledge of the artist. It was left to Judge Beckett, who has done more than anyone to transcribe and collect the documentary material about the painter, to show the way out of what had become an *impasse*. In his *John Constable and the Fishers* (1952), by selecting a manageable theme, hardly concerned with problems of connoisseurship, he produced the first book for fifty years which really threw new light on Constable as an artist. The second book of this kind is Graham Reynolds's catalogue of the Constable holdings in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

There are 415 items in this catalogue—finished pictures, oil sketches, watercolours and drawings. This is not only the largest Constable holding in the world, but it is made up, to all intents, of material which is incontestably by Constable himself. With the exception of six drawings it has all belonged to the Museum

since 1900: and with the exception of one important and one wholly unimportant drawing, it has all been acquired by gift or bequest, and nearly all from those who were either friends of the artist or his descendants. The odd fact that, since 1900, the Museum has ceased to be, except by accident, a repository for paintings in oil is no doubt the explanation why sixty years were allowed to elapse before any serious catalogue was issued of what is one of the most splendid and crucial blocks of English painting in our National Collections. But the present Catalogue was worth waiting for and makes it possible for the first time to know Constable, if not absolutely fully, sufficiently completely for the rest of his certain work to be fitted into the very complete framework that it provides. In it we can follow Constable year by year (at moments almost day by day), and each work is not only adequately but usually well reproduced. It is almost a new artist, it is certainly a revelation, that we have before us.

Catalogues do not normally make easy reading, yet anyone who is seriously interested in Constable as a painter can quite easily read through this one and emerge with a feeling that he has been the artist's companion on his travels and often been privileged to look over his shoulder as he was painting. He will come to have the kind of affection also for the man that one has for someone whose springs of action have become reasonably clear to him. It will dawn on him that this is precisely the book that he has been wanting as a springboard from which to plunge into his own further study of Constable as a painter.

The prime source from which the Victoria and Albert's Constables come was the painter's daughter, Isabel. Unhappily, she had the same sort of compartmented ideas that have grown up since about what was right for the National Gallery, for the British Museum, and for the South Kensington Museum, as have grown up even more divergingly since. It may perhaps not be foolishly Utopian to wish (though without complaint for what was nearly inevitable) that the much smaller number of authentic Constables, especially those from Isabel Constable's gift, which are in the other National Collections could have been included in their proper sequence in this catalogue, but for a civil servant in one Museum to devote that Museum's time to cataloguing things in another would be an act of such uncommon sense that it hardly bears to be contemplated. That is what future students of Constable will have to do for themselves, but what a pity that Mr. Graham Reynolds, while he was living with the painter with such devotion, has not been able to do it for us with the greater felicity which would come from being already immersed in the chase. (It has been a long chase, since Sir Richard Proby has been a Baronet for eight years and still appears as plain Major Proby).

Since problems of connoisseurship do not arise with the works catalogued, the writer has been spared the discussion of this most difficult aspect of Constable's scholarship, and, in his passing references to pictures in other collec-

tions he has perhaps sometimes made reference to works which others could bear to doubt.

Considering the beauty of his sea-shore sketches, which must count as some of the loveliest things he ever painted, it is remarkable that Constable should have considered shore scenes too hackneyed for exhibition. I wonder if there was a certain feeling in Constable's mind that it was impossible to give a complete statement to such scenes without including some slight element of what has come to be called 'social realism'. For a fact which impresses itself upon one on looking through such a large collection of illustrations of Constable's work is the classless attitude he adopts towards the

Racine, no poetry, only *vers d'occasion*—a prosaic age in which there is perpetual tension between the intellect and privilege, Voltaire, Rousseau, d'Alembert, Diderot, Condorcet, against the parasites.

The author's intention is to exhibit the social and economic forces and link them to the literature of the epoch. Three chapters describe the peasantry, the bourgeoisie, and the privileged groups; three more are devoted to the political history, the period of the Regent Orleans, Louis XV as absolute monarch, Louis XVI to 1789. These introduce a chapter on the writers and their readers and one on the ideas of the century, followed by a short epilogue entitled 'The Birth of Modern France'.

It is perhaps to be reproached to Professor Lough that in the age of Fragonard and Lancret, of Houdon, Couperin, Rameau and Gluck, the painter, sculptor or composer is mentioned. Nor, although there are hundreds of illustrations of buildings, there are not named the architects of the splendours of Bordeaux and Nancy, nor the Marquis de Tourny who transformed Bordeaux from a provincial town into what might be the capital of a province.

Professor Lough has succeeded remarkably well in achieving his aim. His problem was one of simplification of including the essential without involving himself in the controversies of the historians. The complexities, for example, of land tenure cannot be discussed in a book of this nature. He regards the debate as to whether the Revolution was one produced by decadence or prosperity, he is cautious in thinking that in the long run it was the latter. This is, of course, the answer. No successful revolt has ever come from misery. The poverty of the peasant was not that of decline, nothing is more significant after the Revolution than the rapid pacification of the countryside. The Revolution grew out of the frustration of an increasing and thriving population by an outmoded

administration, and perhaps even more by a defective currency.

The two chapters on the writers show the improvement in the status of the intellectual, though, as in England, he has not yet shed the need for a patron. Moreover, censorship on the one hand and piracy on the other made the life of the novelist or playwright more than normally precarious. As today, the rewards of reviewing and of popularization paid better. Few could afford the wealth of a Voltaire; *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* brought Laclos less than £70. As for the influence on the mind, the belief that Rousseau and the *Philosophes* were the authors of the Revolution has long been dead, but it is strange to find how wedded writers were to the fashions of the past, to note how the enemy of superstition, Voltaire, clings to the *style noble*. The author is particularly grateful to Professor Lough for the lavish and extensive extracts he has provided to illuminate his text.

GUY CHAPMAN



'The Cottage in a Cornfield': No. 352 in the *Catalogue of the Constable Collection*

relation of man to Nature. The absurdity of the figures in the 'Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Grounds' (254) was replaced by something suggesting cold dislike in the little wedding-present picture of the subject (now in the Huntington). The great landscape painters seem to look on Nature with her eyes rather than their own. They accept men as the equivalent of weeds and stones, admitting of no private classification of their own.

ELLIS WATERHOUSE

An Introduction to Eighteenth Century France. By John Lough. Longmans. 28s.

This sequel to Professor Lough's earlier book introducing France of the *Grand Siècle*, runs from the death of Louis XIV to the *Grande Peur*. The period does not possess—it scarcely could—the magic, the *douce perfection* of its predecessor. It is an age of enlightenment and obscurantism that ends in the Revolution, an age of logical thought and brutal antics, of squalor and elegance. There is no La Fontaine, no

Monsieur de M., by John Terraine, has been added to M. Batsford's British Battles Series (21s.).

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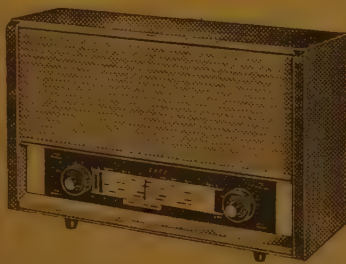
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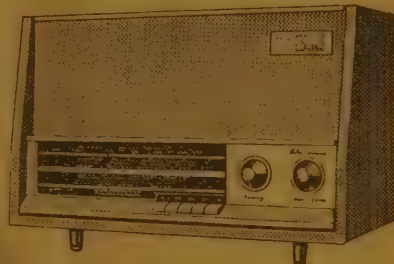
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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

'Sportsview' and Broilers

'SPORTSVIEW' is back—and that, I daresay, was for millions of viewers the most notable event of last week (August 17). I share their regard for this crisply produced summary of the week's games, athletics, racing (horse, dog, and car) and similar activities (I have never known it to cover sport in the puristic meaning of the word), though last week's instalment had scarcely begun before I was reminded of a detail of the programme that increasingly irritated me last winter and spring.

Why does the chief commentator use that staccato, portentous, 'March of Time' style to describe a race, a track event, or even a cross-country run? I take it that this Americanized treatment is considered to heighten the drama of what we see; it is a kind of high-pressure sales talk whose object is to make the ordinary seem extraordinary, the tame exciting. For me this fair-ground barker type of commentary is unnecessary and annoying, reducing rather than enhancing the impact of the visual image.

This apart, last week's programme got off to a good start, with Peter Dimmock deftly presenting some ten different 'sports' of which cricket, sadly, was not one. Concerned with the future, and in particular with its coverage of the Olympic Games which start today, 'Sportsview' seems already to have turned its back on the summer game. I hope it can find time for at least one backward look before it is engulfed in the intricacies of goal averages and Cup chances.

The future was the concern of another of last

week's programmes, 'King's Hill Modern' (August 16), but this dramatized documentary was not so expertly put together as 'Sportsview'. Its object was to present to us the secondary modern school, that bone of educational contention, and its place in the community. The story line, which is never very pronounced in this type of programme, was more tenuous than usual and, since the documentary element was unexciting, was



'King's Hill Modern', a dramatized documentary programme: a class in the school with Nicholas Selby as the master

hardly strong enough to retain our interest.

I thought that the explanatory scenes at the beginning were clumsily done. The farmer who grudged his son two extra terms at school was an unconvincing character and almost a caricature. What sort of farmer can nowadays maintain that 'book-learning' is a waste of time for a farmer's son? And do mothers really stand

on street corners and discuss with teenage daughters the relative merits of further education and getting a job?

These are small points but they typify an inexperienced touch apparent throughout the whole. If a dramatized documentary does not ring true, what is the point of it? Most of the school scenes were acceptable enough, and the programme's message—that the secondary modern school can work well only if parents are prepared to co-operate—came across clearly enough. One hopes that a sufficient number of parents stayed to watch long enough to receive it.

The same hope can be expressed about the 'Lookout' programme on August 17. John Tidmarsh went to Denton in Lancashire to investigate the broiler industry, and allowed himself to be fobbed off with all sorts of specious explanations by interested parties, and succeeded in giving the broiler operators some of the most valuable publicity any industry can ever have had on television, paid or free.

I do not mean by this that the visit should not have been made or the recording of it not transmitted. This is the kind of probing that television can do excellently. But the quiet, good tempered impartiality of Tidmarsh was no match for the self-deluding, illogical, special pleading arguments of those committed financially (and what stronger ties are there?) to the ten-week cycle. I longed to hear

Tidmarsh forget his B.B.C. urbanity and retort with one or two short sharp words to the gentleman who proclaimed, with all the smugness of a client reading his P.R.O.-prepared script, that the chickens were happier in batches of 10,000, in air-conditioned twilight, than 'up to their knees in mud on the farm', as he put it.

There may possibly be a case to be made out in this day and age for the broiler system of flesh production. If there is, for heaven's sake let us not dress it up in sentimental trimming and pretend that the chicks love it.

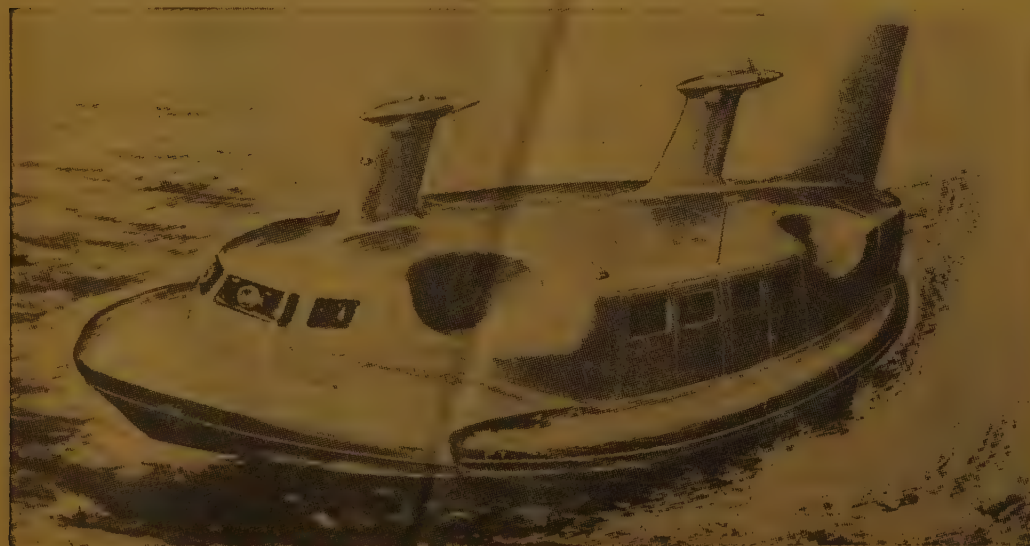
After that it was a relief to get back to solid ground again—or not quite to the ground—with the review of the progress made in the development of that ingenious machine, the hovercraft ('No Visible Means of Support' August 17). This was a straightforward account of the invention of the principle by Christopher Cockerell, its development by Saunders-Roe and the adaptation of it by several firms which is now going on. In the jet and atom age this strikes me as being one of the most worth-while inventions of our time. Peter Maggs was our efficient guide.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Serial

IF YOU WANT TO SEE the deepest cleavage in television examine the various serials that the B.B.C. screens. A gap, wide as the Sahara, separates the quality of the period dramas from



'No Visible Means of Support': design for the SRN 2 Hovercraft, the most up-to-date version now being built by Saunders-Roe

that of serials set in the present day. Paradoxically it is those modern serials where one would expect self-knowledge to add its own searching illumination to the scenes which fail, on the whole, to reach a minimum satisfactory level. There are exceptions: Miss Allingham's recent thriller comes happily to mind.

Most modern-dress serials are crime stories. You would expect at the least a taut, tight plot, reasonably contrived suspense, good cliff-hanging weekly curtains. One just goes on expecting. And in *Here Lies Miss Sabry* (Mondays), not only is the week-by-week articulation missing, but within each half-hour instalment one feels one's interest guttering fitfully, like a fire that is being inexpertly coaxed into life.

Plot isn't everything, and a weak, or fitful, story can be borne if the characters exude vitality or are so superabundantly endowed with mannerisms and oddities that we become fascinated simply to watch them posturing before us. Humour, too, helps to carry the day. This is battling most valiantly in Mr. Michael Pertwee's *Golden Girl* (Wednesdays) against a slack story and a leading lady whose beauty and insouciance do not quite disguise an apparently gracious disinterest in acting. Mr. Pertwee with rare cunning has allowed for this by having Miss Catherine Boyle constantly pounced upon and crussed when she shows any sign of movement so that she may not be strained while watching millions are able to feast their eyes on her bravely squeaking form.

Golden Girl is well scripted with humour, most of it in the hands of Mr. Peter Dyneley's shrewd, cynical, yet kindly newspaperman, though Mr. John Lee, disinherited young playboy, runs a nice string of throw-away flippancies. Certainly it is curious that a humourless solemnity which in *Miss Sabry* produces only supportable ennui, in a serial of an earlier one often seems to give a verisimilitude that a lighter touch might appear to be burlesquing.

Neither the recently completed *Rogue Herries* nor the repeat of *Redgauntlet* in the children's programme were notable for frivolity. Which is not to say that they failed to make excellent light entertainment, recreating the ways, dress, and appearance of another age with an attention to detail which appears to get overlooked in their modern counterparts.

Arguably, part of the reason for the success of these costume dramas is that they do not have to stand the test of our own experience. They draft their own rules. Undoubtedly there is truth in the assertion, but the overriding point is that whatever rules they make they stick to.

Furthermore, most of these serials are sound and solid in the stories they tell. They are able, to some extent, to angle their disclosures to the manner of their approach. In *White Collars*'s *The Moonstone*, the first episode of which was seen on Children's Television on August 16, it has been decided to use the mock-gothic style for this early crime story, with villains in mutton-chop whiskers, and Indians silent and inscrutable; but with the whole thing played straight, without forcing laughs from outdated conventions or edging old-fashionedness over into quaintness.

Later in the week, on Friday, *The Small House at Allington*



Chasing the Dragon: Yoko Tani as Chen Yu Ying, dance hostess in a Hong Kong night club

ton, adapted by Miss Marjorie Deans, was given just the barest hint of under-emphasis in the playing. Though this led to crude drama in the lodging house, it drew reward from the country scenes. The light bantering laughter, the formality actuating every move, and the dignity with which disagreements were ceaselessly pursued—this is a world on the surface of which nothing happened, yet whose inhabitants clearly lived fuller, more enviable lives than we have time for today.

As the two Dale sisters, Miss Shirley Lawrence and Miss Miranda Connell will turn more than Barsetshire heads while the Adolphus

Crosbie of Mr. Frederick Jaeger is handsomely confident and dashing.

Requiring some of the expansion a serial affords was Mr. Colin Morris's *Chasing the Dragon* (August 18). Only an hour devoted to an exposé of the heroin trade in Hong Kong, to arguments for and against the opiate and to even the sketchiest delineation of the conflicting characteristics of the people involved simply was not long enough. What we did see was engrossing. The shady work of the police to defeat a shadier racket, the helpless position of the small trader between blackmailer and police, the machination of the big timers, the clanship of the Chinese—these were some of the threads in an intricately interwoven story. Naturally with so large a subject there were loose ends. Since the drug's popularity is as an escape from poverty it was not explained how those most in need of it could afford sufficient. Perhaps the Chief Inspector's closing words sum up a doubt of the author's: 'If we lived in these conditions maybe we'd smoke it ourselves'.

The week ended on a happier note: a revival of the Marx Brothers' *Room Service*. Who was it who said the trio liberated the demon in all of us? Britain must have gone to bed in a trance-like state on August 20 after this release of what James Agate called 'lovely Marx nonsense'. This was not the purest, but the pursuit of the turkey and the death-bed scene were incomparably funny.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

First of a Trilogy

MARTIN SHUTTLEWORTH'S *A Candle on a Cactus Leaf*, which had its first performance in the Third Programme on August 15, shows Franco's opponents twenty years after defeat. With the friendship of the shepherds they have fought on in the mountains, but the end now seems near. Ramón, their exiled leader, whose unbroken anarchist faith is the central value of the play, finds more passion and heroism in his young fascist nephew than in his own old comrades

now become common gangsters and criminals. Under torture his own faith is tested too and found wanting. The play attempts a full view of a political situation and its types—philosophical anarchist, doctrinaire young fascist, cynical patrician landowner, sadistic policeman, and enduring peasants—are systematically confronted.

What lies behind, though not fully worked out in the situation, is a general vision of suffering in which we are all at once the betrayers and the betrayed; myxomatosis in the animal kingdom and the atom bomb in the human one are for the author the joint symbols of this fellowship in guilt. The imaginative climax of the play is thus Ramón's account of the self-accusing hallucination (he was the false friar who had seduced the queen and stolen away from the dead city) which he suffered on hearing the news of Hiroshima; it is a fine set-piece of fantasy and eloquence and the strength of the play lies in such passages. Its weak-



Scene from the first part of *The Small House at Allington*: John Robinson as Squire Dale with his two nieces—Miranda Connell (left) as Bell and Shirley Lawrence as Lily; Barry Letts as Bernard Dale and Frederick Jaeger (extreme right) as Adolphus Crosbie

nesses are its makeshift plot, which hurries on from one dramatic and philosophic confrontation to another and loses us on the way, and the failure to establish a possible conversational idiom. The dialogue ('You mad rash fool!', etc.) sounded at times like a bad opera translation and was not helped by the babel of accents it was played in. It made for confusion, for instance, when the flamenco-singing Rosana exclaims to her treacherous lover 'Come here honey Judas', that he should answer in hoarse cockney. As it stands, then, I don't think the play is quite a success, but it makes one very much want to hear the rest of the trilogy it forms part of.

How to concentrate and eliminate is a lesson the West Indian dramatists Jan Carew and Sylvia Wynter have clearly learnt, and their play *The University of Hunger* (Third, August 17) was assured and professional. It tells of a gaol-break in British Guiana and presents three psychologies distorted by race-hatred; that of Sutlej, who awoke to his own racial destiny through reading about the Masai ('They're too proud to fight the white man; they just ignore him'); of his ex-wife Dolly, who at heart thinks the only smart thing is to be white and despises her own parents for their mixed marriage; and of Smallboy Dowling, tied to his mother's apron-strings and afraid he may grovel to the whites as he does to her. Sutlej needs a son; prisons have become so much the pattern of his life that he has forgotten how to make ordinary human ties. Smallboy equally needs a father, to show him the way to self-respect. The central subject of the play is the development of their father-son relationship, with the hope for the future that it offers, when they are thrown together as fugitives.

It is a well-thought-out plot; the characters and their motives are strongly and logically knotted together and the underlying theme, that the sterility of Sutlej's protest may be fruitful after all in the next generation, is a worth-while and serious one. There is a flaw from the structural point of view in that the big scene of mutual self-discovery between Sutlej and his wife is sprung on us without enough dramatic excuse. And there is perhaps, too, a touch of slickness and calculation at the heart of the play which comes out in its occasional false heroics, especially those betraying little repetitions—'After you left, how I cried, Sutlej, how I cried', etc. Lloyd Reckord gave Smallboy exactly the right screwed-up, appealing fearful voice, and Pauline Henriques made a most endearing turn of Smallboy's hot-gossiping mama.

Squeaky Shoes (Home, August 15) by G. W. Stonier was the slightest of affairs, about a young man in lodgings, the girl he hides under his bed, and a mysterious murder on the top floor. I found something rather charming in its oddity and inconsequentiality, but its main interest was an exercise in writing for sound. It is a neat little exploitation of the medium, for instance, that the young man's fellow-lodgers, the flute-playing Indian, the Bach fiend, the perpetual telephoner, exist for him, as for us, largely as the sounds they make (there is a spot on his floor where you can hear them all in concert). Likewise the girl, since she spends most of her time under the bed, has, like us, to depend on what she can hear. It shows the strength of the medium, moreover, that when the murderer, a prim, middle-aged Bach-lover, reflects that there is no clue that could possibly connect him with the crime, the sound of his squeaking shoes (the clue he has fatally overlooked) conjures up for us not just any shoes but the fussy patent-leather pair we feel sure he would wear.

P. N. FURBANK

THE SPOKEN WORD



THE CRITICAL NET that I spread last week has brought in a varied catch, but, alas, I think the best fish of all was the one that got away.

Only the other day I was lamenting the lack of imaginative feature programmes; and so I waited with some impatience for 'Singing the Fishing' (Home Service, August 16). In this radio ballad on herring fishermen, Charles Parker and Ewan MacColl used the form they had used in 'The Ballad of John Axon' and 'Song of a Road', and interwove folk-style lyrics with real-life recordings. While this form is original, and the subject was promising, the programme itself was, to me, a decided failure. Occasional songs, used sparingly, can be illuminating flashes of local colour; but here the music swamped the actuality, and, long before the hour was up it had grown about as pleasant as a non-stop, full-blast wireless next door. Mr. Parker had recorded 250 tapes of conversation with fishermen and their families, and the richness of the material was, he tells us, overwhelming. I felt he had very largely wasted it. The few snatches of conversation in the lulls between the music were quite the most telling part of the programme.

'Murder at Marseilles' (Home Service, August 17) was also disappointing. Not that one had expected an imaginative programme; but the story of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia was almost a parody of a radio 'whodunit'. The murderer's teeth (or so we were told) were spattered with gold fillings, and his chin was blue with stubble; his fellow conspirators muttered pseudo-Bulgarian English and tried so hard to sound villainous they were a riot. The sound effects were clumsy, and the narrator spoke with a Sunday newspaper kind of relish that I found very unpleasant. Mr. Burroughs has shown, in 'The Verdict of the Court', that sensational crimes need not be vulgarly treated. As for 'Murder at Marseilles', it was a sad excursion into melodrama.

Mr. Bridson, who produced the programme, made some amends the same evening by giving us a record of Tom Lehrer. Half an hour of this vital, offbeat humour, this macabre merriment, this wickedly funny entertainment, and we were all waiting hopefully for August 18, when Lehrer would be interviewed in the series 'People Today'. But it is fatal to analyse humorists. We did not need Pagliacci to tell us that clowns are far from funny offstage. Lehrer was unfunny; and he was so reticent that half an hour's questioning got no answers from him. If people agree to be interviewed they should, I think, be ready to give us a few facts about themselves. This was an interesting essay in how to avoid a *viva voce*, frustrate a psychoanalyst, and send a cross-examining counsel quite mad. As a radio interview it was pointless, and such a conspicuous failure that one wondered why it had been accepted. We needed Mr. Freeman to come and bulldoze the way out of the cul-de-sac conversation.

Talking (as usual) of Mr. Freeman, we had two sessions with him this week. On August 18 (Home Service) he took the chair in 'Matters of Moment', when Dr. Hastings Banda and Tom Mboya surveyed the religious, linguistic, political and economic future of Africa. This was not so much a discussion as a vigorous profession of faith.

On August 19 (Home Service) Mr. Freeman was back again, this time as the prisoner in the dock. To put it more politely, he himself was asked to be frank in the latest edition of 'Frankly Speaking'. It was made quite clear from the start, and from the heavy use of

A Varied Catch

Christian names (and 'why is it, John, you don't answer the telephone?') that Barbara Wootton, George Scott, and Malcolm Muggeridge were all affectionate friends of Mr. Freeman; and perhaps that was why in this trial by jury Mr. Freeman got off pretty lightly. All the same we learnt a little about 'the faceless one', a Mr. Muggeridge called him. Mr. Freeman confessed he could get on terms with any group of people if he thought it desirable (and this is quite ready to believe). He disliked publicity, described himself as a radical journalist, and believed that one of the most honourable functions of journalism was stimulating people into thought. He enjoyed television as a relaxation (one could not say so much of his victims) and yes, he could screw himself up to being ruthless 'I do like efficiency'. He had tried to puncture the balloon of humbug wherever he had found it, he always found the present moment the happiest, and (most personal) he had smoked cigarettes quite regularly, against his parents' wishes, at the age of four. Perhaps I should also record for the sake of his future victims of sound and screen that he has 'been known to throw china'. But what does technique matter to the Grand Inquisitor?

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Berlioz and Sati

THIS IS THE SEASON of the year when there is no need for the programme builders in the B.B.C.'s Music Department to exert themselves unduly, for as long as the Promenade Concerts and the various music festivals are in full swing they can rely upon these to provide the main items in the programmes devised for radio listeners. And if there are still some gaps to fill, then repeats of previous broadcasts come in very handy. The most worth while of these have been the repetition of last season's Thursday Invitation Concert programmes, but the practice of relying on repeats of past recordings to fill up gaps ought not to be abused. And for a programme to go out 'live' from the studio is now becoming more and more rare.

Once again the main musical fare of the week has been provided by the 'Proms'. John Pritchard secured a very vital and, on the whole, homogeneous performance of the Berlioz *Requiem* (Third, August 16), one of the works with an established reputation that has never been given at a Promenade Concert before this year. In this very considerable undertaking the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra was joined by the Liverpool Philharmonic Choir and the Wembley Philharmonic Society, the B.B.C. Chorus and B.B.C. Choral Society, and thought the combined choirs put up a very fine performance. They never sounded ragged despite their numbers, and their intonation and articulation were rarely at fault. The great climaxes, especially in the *Tuba Mirum*, were built up with great effect, and the sheer volume of sound produced by the massed choirs, orchestra, four brass bands and twelve kettle-drum made it clear what the late Cecil Gray was thinking of when he wrote that 'Berlioz has reared up gigantic pyramids of sound which will endure as long as music itself'.

But it is a mistake to think of the *Requiem* as being primarily a vehicle for sensational instrumental effects and excessively theatrical in conception. It is nothing of the kind. Only rarely does Berlioz pull out all his stops; what is really impressive about this work is its compelling unity and the skill and restraint with which the composer depicts the various moods and vision of the Mass. The score is full of *nuances* which need to be most carefully observed if the work is



Drawing by JOHN WARD, A.R.A., on board a P & O—Orient Lines ship.

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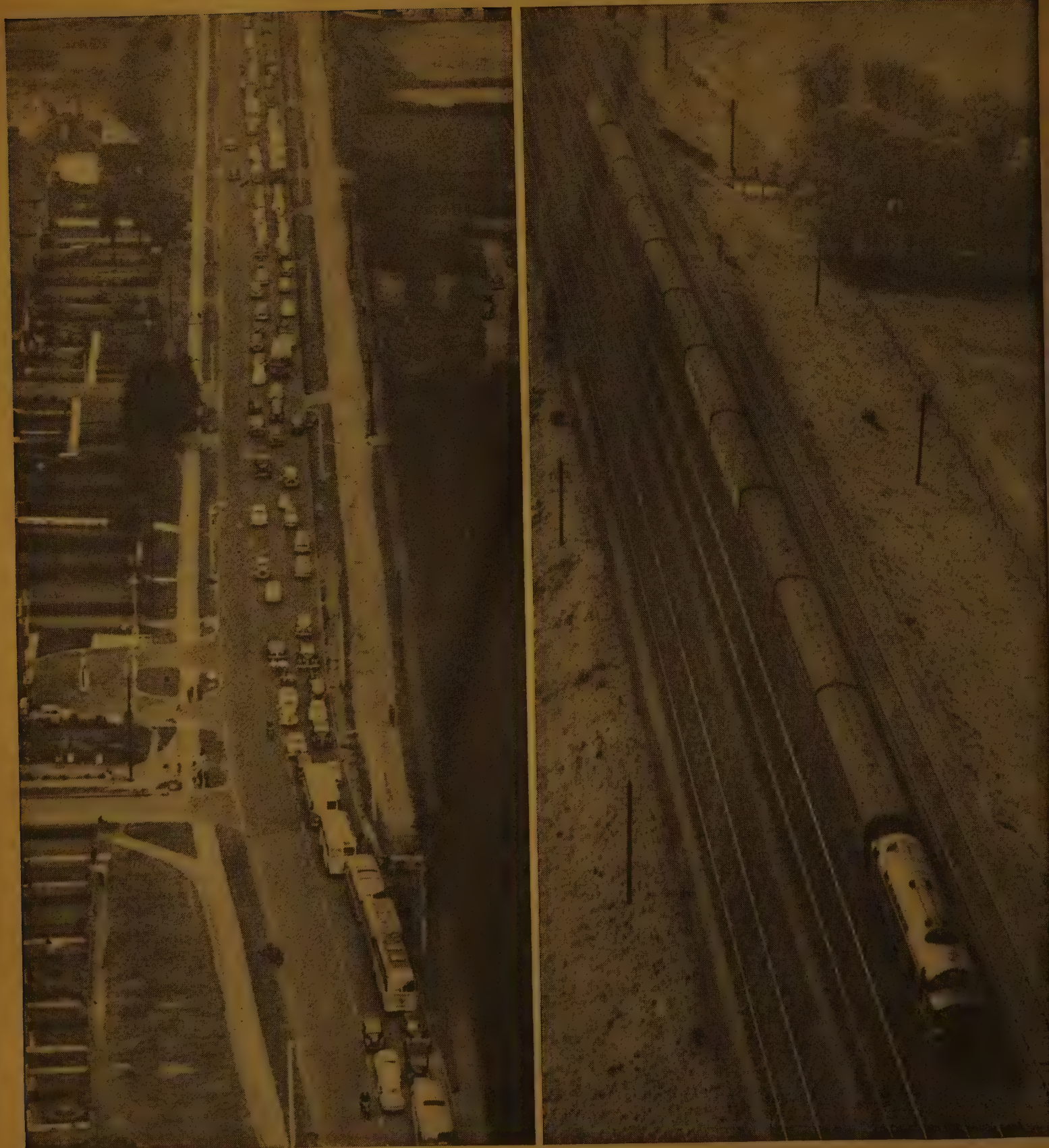
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achieve the effect which Berlioz intended, and was one of the great merits of this performance that the conductor seemed fully conscious of this and got what he wanted from the choirs and orchestra. Other unusual features in last week's 'Prom' programmes, which are typical of the 1960 'new look', were the inclusion on successive days of Webern's *Six Pieces* (Home, August 17) and Schönberg's *Variations, Op. 31* (Third, August 18) and a performance of the ballet music from Erik Satie's *Parade* (Light, August 20)—all these, needless to say, being first performances at these concerts.

Satie's name even appeared twice in the week's programmes, as his *Messe des Pauvres*, a work rarely heard, was a feature of the organ recital given by Robert Joyce and broadcast from

Llandaff Cathedral (Network Three, August 18). Written in 1895, this curious work, of which only fragments have survived, belongs to the composer's 'mystic' period and is in complete contrast to the ballet *Parade* which was considered outrageously revolutionary and the last word in eccentric modernity when it was produced by Diaghilev in Paris with a scenario by Cocteau and *décor* by Picasso during the 1914 war. This was the score of which Cocteau remarked that Satie 'seems to have discovered an unknown dimension', while Satie himself modestly maintained that all he had done was to 'compose a background to certain noises which Cocteau considers indispensable . . .' In this broadcast from the Albert Hall I was glad to notice that some, at least, of these noises had

been included, and the clicking of the typewriter, motor-horn and siren were clearly distinguishable. But the performance as a whole I thought was spoilt by the adoption of excessively fast tempi. In any event it was a good idea to introduce to Promenaders this remarkable work which has made musical history rather in the same way as the first *collages* in painting, and undoubtedly foreshadowed many later developments which today are taken for granted.

I have space only to record the opening of the Edinburgh Festival last Sunday with a fine performance of Verdi's *Requiem*, with the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra under Carlo Maria Giulini, broadcast in the Third Programme (August 21).

ROLLO H. MYERS

Walton and his New Symphony

By FELIX APRAHAMIAN

The first performance of the Second Symphony will be broadcast at 9.15 p.m. on September 2 (Third)



A QUARTER OF A CENTURY after completing his First Symphony, William Walton, knighted in the interval, has produced his Second. Unlike its precursor, which had to wait a year before a sale crowned three movements released and performed in 1934, the new work has had, for Walton, an easy birth: the first of its three movements was composed in January, 1959, but revised and re-modelled in February and March of this year; the second was composed entirely in January and February of this year, and the third completed as recently as July 22. Yet there is no reason to suppose that the period of gestation has been shorter than usual, or that its composer, busy with other works, never envisaged a successor to his First Symphony until it was commissioned by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society a few years ago. On the contrary, the idea of a second symphony has probably haunted Sir William in private and public as often as the spectre of his unwritten eighth must have troubled Sibelius. Happily, Walton's Second Symphony is no chimera.

To assess the new work in relation to the music of today as well as in the context of his own *œuvre*, let us consider first the background of its predecessor. The First Symphony was born into a world in which both of Walton's senior compatriots, Vaughan Williams and Arnold Bax, followed, if not the symphonic continence of the Russian Myaskovsky, the early fertile example of Sibelius (to whom each dedicated his fifth symphony). Perhaps Walton paid more profound homage to the Finnish master in the very first movement of his one symphony, not only in the Sibelian oboe theme of its first subject, but also in the inexorable way in which the movement gathers strength and grows to its final climax—a common enough symphonic formula, yet one to which Walton's *finati* and pedal points lend a peculiarly Sibelian flavour.

The succession of Bax symphonies before the war, and of Vaughan Williams's since, set in sharper relief Walton's unique essay in the form. Its slow movement, for example, was of a kind that defied duplication. Not for Walton the repetition of a formula, or the equally simple sifting of a musical lens on to another panorama, nor yet a *volte face* or complete Sibelius-like renewal in the Stravinsky manner. The development of Walton, despite his complete awareness of the musical climate surrounding him, has been of a highly personal, almost introspective, nature. Outside influences—like

jazz in *Façade*, or Sibelius in his First Symphony—have been admitted only so long as they could be assimilated and made his own. Significantly he has described as 'undigested Bartók', the early string quartet performed at the Salzburg I.S.C.M. Festival of 1923 and long since withdrawn.

Earlier this year, just after completing the slow movement of the new symphony, and just before rewriting the first movement, Walton signed a letter to the press dealing with the curriculum of the chief music-teaching academies in London. In it, he stated: 'It is absolutely essential that the musical developments of the past fifty years should be fully understood and presented to students *objectively as history*, irrespective of professors' individual tastes. The four composers whose work is fundamental to this understanding are—whether we "like" their music or not—Schönberg, Stravinsky, Bartók, and Webern'.

That is the climate, recognized by Walton himself, into which his Second Symphony has been born, a very different musical world from that which welcomed the First. Objectively, Walton, who knows the music of his own time better than most of his juniors, is aware of this; *subjectively* he resists it, and the Second Symphony shows to what extent, for it remains recognizably Walton in every bar, from the characteristic ambiguous tang of gently clashing semitones in the opening bars to the unequivocal major ending of the finale.

Scored for triple woodwind, the normal brass and strings, piano, celesta, two harps and an unextravagant but telling percussion section, the work is cast in three movements only: an *Allegro molto*, a *Lento assai* and a *Passacaglia*, the final fugato and *scherzando* coda of which supply the symphony with its scherzo element.

The conventional argument of the first movement is based on two themes, contrasted more in mood than outline, like two members of a family opposed in temperament, but whose kinship is betrayed by their physiognomy. The family profile is distinguished by major sevenths that leap, up or down, and Elgar—rather than Schönberg, Stravinsky, Bartók, or Webern—is its progenitor in this context. Just as the falling sevenths of 'Nimrod', angular in themselves, are transmuted into significant melody by their supporting harmonies, so Walton's no less angular, if less sequential tunes, sing memorably out of an always finely poised harmonic texture. Thus the cavorting first subject of the opening *Allegro* is presented against a

lightly pulsing background in which *appoggiatura* leading notes to the third and fifth of the tonic chord blur the G minor tonality in a manner reminiscent of the opening of the Cello Concerto. This harmonic ambiguity, equally characteristic of the *grazioso* second subject, informs the whole movement, even setting its seal on the quiet chord with which it ends.

As in Walton's First Symphony, the slow movement is the very heart of the work, and maintains its unbroken melodic thread however much tempo, texture, and dynamic may be varied. The long exposition falls into four sections. After recapitulation of the first and last, fragments of the second and third are introduced into the coda. Here again, ambivalent tonality is a marked characteristic of the music. The major-minor oxymoron, which fascinated the Walton of the Viola Concerto and was telescoped to produce the tang of the *Scapino* Overture, has mellowed here, as in *Troilus* and *Cressida* and the Cello Concerto, into harmony that is unfashionably luxurious by today's negative standards.

Walton smiles wryly in his *passacaglia* finale. The first three notes of his ground-theme, G, B flat, D, resolutely outline the tonality of the symphony. The remainder of the theme comprises nine other notes—all different! The implications of this are not serious, for, despite the horizontal ingenuity of the succeeding variations—even the slender, impetuous ten bars of the seventh—never has Walton more jealously guarded the vertical sense of a score. Ten concise variations follow each other with happy contrasts of mood. The final fugato accelerates into the lengthy Coda-Scherzando, which broadens momentarily into a *maestoso* before the hurried end in a G major free of doubt.

Since the First Symphony is unlikely to suffer the fate of the first string quartet, the Second, by very reason of that qualifying adjective, stands unique in Walton's output—his first return to a musical field that he has tilled once before. Twenty-five years have enriched the soil, and the harvest is both noble and natural. The Second Symphony has been garnered at a time when artificial musical husbandry is at its zenith, tonality suspect, and precious human rehearsal time too often squandered on the inhumanly conceived desiccations of an ingenious but tone-deaf *avant-garde*. In his new symphony Walton shows himself able to juggle with the fashionable *materia musica* and procedures as deftly as any of his juniors, but to more communicable and rewarding effect.

Bridge Forum



Inter-County Bidding Competition—Heat VIII

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

IN THE LAST HEAT of the first round of the inter-county bidding competition a pair from Caernarvonshire, Major W. B. Tatlow and Mrs. W. Gordon, was opposed to a pair from Middlesex, Dr. J. Lister and Mrs. A. L. Hurner.

The players began by answering five questions all relating to the following hand:

♠ 8 ♥ A 8 7 5 ♦ A J 7 ♣ K J 7 6 2

The hand is held by South and both sides are vulnerable.

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1)	1C ?	No	1D	No
(2)	1C ?	1NT	2S	No
(3)	1C ?	1S	1NT	No
(4)	1C ?	1S	Dble	No
(5)	1C ?	No	1S	2H

These were the answers adjudged best:

(1) Two Diamonds. A general principle of bidding to which there are few exceptions is that when a hand is worth only one bid, preference should be given to a support for partner's

suit. If South, on his minimum hand, introduces One Heart at this point he will have nothing in reserve for support that he may wish later to give to diamonds. The competitors all voted for One Heart, which scored a consolation mark.

(2) No Bid. The fact that partner has not doubled the overcall of One No Trump limits his hand. He should be assumed to hold about five playing tricks in spades and little else. To disturb Two Spades is bad.

(3) No Bid. Having a minimum hand, South has no reason to raise the level of the contract. There are no grounds for supposing that Two Clubs will be easier to make than One No Trump.

(4) No Bid. With two aces and a king, South has his fair quota of defensive values. If he insists on rescuing, then One No Trump is better than Two Clubs, for partner may well be short in clubs.

(5) No Bid. It may turn out that South has good defence to a heart contract but he has much too little to contemplate a double which may give the opponents game.

At the end of this part of the 'quiz' the Welsh pair led by 12 points to 8. The players were then asked to bid the following hand, dealt by West at game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ —	♠ J 5 4 3
♥ K J 10 9 2	♥ A Q
♦ A 6	♦ 10 8 7 4 2
♣ K J 8 6 5 3	♣ A 10

It was further presumed that North would bid spades at the minimum level over the opening bid.

This is a difficult hand in that Six Hearts, with seven trumps in the two hands, is a better contract than Six Clubs. Six Hearts can hardly fail if the clubs are 3-2, while in Six Clubs declarer needs to find the queen of clubs as well, since he has a losing diamond.

For Caernarvonshire, Major Tatlow opened One Club and Six Clubs was reached, for an award of 6 points. Five Clubs would have scored 7. The Middlesex pair finished in Four Hearts, scoring 5. That left the Welsh pair winners by 18 points to 13.

The judges did not expect either pair to emulate Mrs. R. Markus's handling of the West cards in an international match. She opened Two Hearts. Her partner, over an intervening Two Spades, raised to Four Hearts. Mrs. Markus bid a Blackwood Four No Trumps and played successfully in Six Hearts.

A Commercial Revolution

(continued from page 284)

was domestic service. In Edwardian Britain nearly one person in ten of the working population was in domestic service. Today's figure is just over one in a hundred. Why did domestic service decline? Because it offered comparatively poor wages against employment in other occupations. In other words, it suffered from low productivity. Domestic service has been replaced by labour-saving appliances and in some cases by other services. Though the initial capital cost of labour-saving appliances was higher, running costs were negligible. It is true to say that whether one retained domestic help or bought consumer appliances as a substitute depended in the past largely on the length of one's purse. Some people would still prefer domestic help rather than make the effort to use gadgets; and as the nation grows richer it can afford to pay more for lower productivity, and the domestic service component may rise slightly. Surprisingly, it is higher in the United States than in Britain. But on the whole as the country becomes richer people are likely to seek service rather than self-service.

The changes caused by the service economy affect the habits and business of everybody—be it consumer, trader, or manufacturer, and these changes cause adjustments in the whole complex of industry and trade. Automatic selling machines are a good example. In large factories they may well take the place of traditional tea

trolley and tea attendant. A new branch of manufacturing industry has emerged to make these service machines, and new manufacturing industry is supplying these machines with their packaged goods. Preference for service changes the demand for goods, but there is nothing sacrosanct about service, and one type of service can replace another. Consider the postal services, for instance. There is the likelihood of many sub-post offices closing because of lack of work and this is due to higher postage charges, to centralization of services, and to mechanization. The decline in another service, that of telegrams, may be a consequence of the growing use of the telephone service. An introduction of the subscriber-trunk-dialling system will reduce the need for long-distance operators.

The fate of our *entrepôt* trade is another good example in British foreign commerce of how one service disappears and another takes its place, how one is sometimes substitutable for another. Britain is buying and re-exporting less to other nations nowadays, but this gap is now partly filled by the selling of industrial 'know-how'—in the nuclear and plastic fields, for instance—to foreign lands. Today many countries will want to make more and more of their own industrial goods and therefore our export industries are increasingly engaged in selling services—in other words, technical 'know-how'.

In the future we are likely to export more

and more services, just as the service and distributive industries are likely to employ a growing proportion of the working population at home. And because the service and distributive industries are less liable to unemployment and slump, and because they are more resilient, we should be able to look to greater stability for our economy in the future.—*Third Programme*

R. D. Collison Black, the Senior Lecturer in Economics at The Queen's University of Belfast, is the author of *Economic Thought and the Irish Question, 1817-1870*, published by the Cambridge University Press (37s. 6d.).

The invaluable *Popular Handbook of British Birds* has recently been supplemented by a *Popular Handbook of Rarer British Birds*, by P. A. D. Hollom (Witherby, 37s. 6d.), devoted to over 100 species not included in the earlier volume. These range from some as yet adjudicated birds, such as Baikal Teal and Baltimore Oriole, to the Collared Dove which, although unknown here a decade ago, is now breeding in several counties. Field descriptions and coloured plates of all the rarities are given, the latter, mainly by David Reid-Henry, being exceptionally fine and to the purpose. Spotting rarities is every bird-watcher's ambition, and he could not have a more helpful reference book than this. The editor cites the post-war increase in bird-watching and the establishment of bird-observatories as having contributed to the addition of some thirty species not included in the *Handbook* of 1938-41.

ABOUT THE HOUSE



Potatoes Maître d'Hôtel

It is essential for this recipe to use a waxy potato and really rich 'top' milk or even single cream is best. 1 lb. of potatoes in their skins to the point being barely tender. Drain, peel, and cut in thin slices with a knife dipped in hot water. Bring a bare half-pint of rich milk, or of single cream, to the boil. Arrange the potatoes in a shallow fireproof dish so that they lie flat. Almost cover with the milk and butter. Cook in the oven for 15 minutes, or simmer on top of the fire, shaking the dish occasionally to prevent sticking, until the milk is almost absorbed. Then dust with two tablespoons of chopped parsley, and Chopped shallot or chives are sometimes

MARGARET RYAN

Stuffed Herrings

Among the dozens of ways of cooking herrings, you tried them stuffed with a mixture of grated apple, grated onion, lemon rind, seasonings and chopped parsley? Brushed with egg and sprinkled with oatmeal, they take about an hour in a moderate oven. Serve with a sauce of fried apple rings, made by coring the apples, cutting them into rings about a quarter

of an inch thick, and frying until they are golden brown in butter and a little brown sugar.

ANNE WILD
—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Chocolate Peppermint Milk Shake

For one glass of chocolate peppermint shake you will need:

- 1/2 pint of milk
- 1 tablespoon of chocolate syrup
- A few drops of oil of peppermint
- A square of vanilla ice cream (about 1 in. square)
- A small sprig of mint for decoration

Put all the ingredients into a screw-top jar with a well-fitting lid, and screw down firmly. Shake briskly for about half a minute, pour into a glass and serve immediately with drinking straws. The sprig of mint should be placed over the edge of the glass.

To make the chocolate syrup take:

- 3 oz. of cocoa
- 5 oz. of caster sugar
- 2 oz. of butter
- A few drops of vanilla essence
- 1/2 pint of water
- 1 egg

Blend the cocoa, sugar, and water together in a saucepan and bring them slowly to the boil. Remove the saucepan from the heat and add the slightly beaten egg and mix well together. Put the saucepan back on to the heat and add the butter, beat all well together to give the syrup

a good gloss. Cook until all the ingredients are well blended—about four minutes.

When cold, this syrup can be stored in an airtight jar and kept in the refrigerator for several weeks.

ZENA SKINNER
—Television Cookery Club

Notes on Contributors

- NICHOLAS A. H. STACEY (page 283): economic and marketing adviser to the General Electric Company; author of *English Accountancy in Great Britain: 1800-1954*, etc.
- V. S. PRITCHETT (page 285): author of *Marching Spain*, *Nothing Like Leather*, *The Spanish Temper*, etc.
- T. L. COTTRELL (page 291): Professor of Chemistry, Edinburgh University; author of *The Strengths of Chemical Bonds*
- IAN NAIRN (page 292): assistant editor, *The Architectural Review*; author of *Counter-attack against Subtopia*
- Rev. OWEN CHADWICK (page 295): Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Cambridge University, and Master of Selwyn College; author of *Western Asceticism*, etc.
- PERCY R. KIRBY (page 297): Professor of Music, Witwatersrand University, 1921-49; author of *The Kettledrums*
- MICHAEL JAFFÉ (page 308): assistant lecturer in Art, Cambridge University
- GEORGE WATSON (page 309): assistant lecturer in English, Cambridge University
- FELIX APRAHAMIAN (page 321): a music critic of *The Sunday Times*

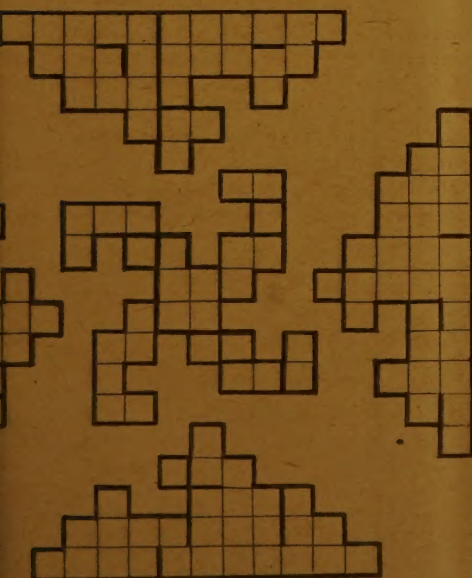
Crossword No. 1,578.

Jigsaw.

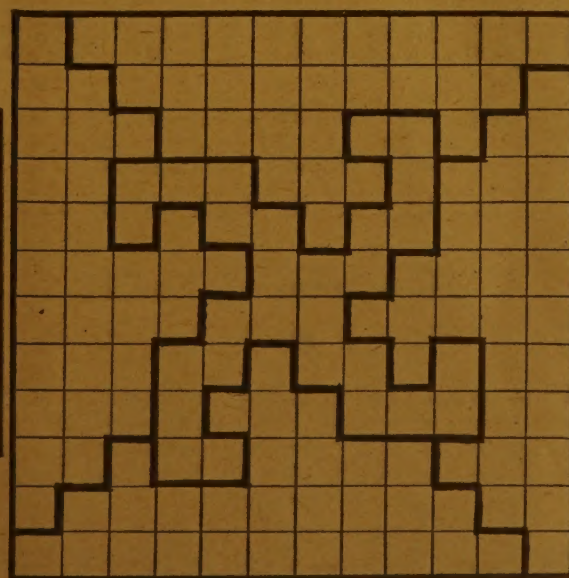
By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelope containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



The jigsaw pieces above (none of which is correctly placed) will fit together to form the complete square where the 'joins' are indicated. The 'bars' which begin and end lights are already inserted in separate pieces, though not (yet) in the complete square. Solvers are asked to determine the correct positions of the 'bars', the clue-numbers and to insert the 'bars' in the complete square. No light begins at a 'join'.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Strike-leader. The Greeks had a name for her.
13. A hundred, a hundred and one, a—what? A wattle.
14. It's perfectly reasonable.
15. To ruin.
16. Is this mica? O bite it and see.
17. Mustelid action? It sounds unlikely.
18. More sure? It's rash.
20. Soporifics.
21. The golden-easter has lost its coronet, that's the point.
24. A little of what the adventurer does things on.
26. Some information for the military leader.
28. A plucked 'un from W. Africa.
29. The reaper (with eight long legs).
31. An article in Scotland's own.
32. Actinium and neon produce skin-trouble.
35. Snare.
37. Does he get his nickname because of his size? Or because he's timid about a scrap?
38. Anointed.
40. Sailor briefly condemns immorality.
42. Put on the handcuffs.
43. It's heaven for twelve gods and twenty-six goddesses.
44. It's current in 32D.
45. He painted cattle-food.
46. He makes a great show with a penny share.

DOWN

1. The sort of language to use to a reindeer.
2. Swift lout.
3. A river of American wine.
4. Medicinal.
5. Wise about the decrease in the non-service tax.
6. Cloth of goat's hair, north of 32D.
7. Train me to some sort of garb.
8. Bitter medicine.
9. A little out of the dustbin for the baby.
10. What it costs to change money.
11. In this is where it was originally.
12. Once site of a source of aluminium.
19. The back row breed.
22. 'For this relief much thanks', as the stereoscopic viewer might well say.
23. One of a pair of speedy runners.
25. The Indian ludo.
27. Discover in Khafre's pyramid.
28. Fisherman with a vertical net.
30. It is word for word in some clever balderdash.
32. South of 6D, like an avuncular American.
33. It's a starling. Have a good look.
34. An artist made an offer verging on madness.
35. A spicy drink for a king.
36. A bank reception.
39. One or more ungulates.
41. Initially an insecticide.

Solution of No. 1,576

GRWTHZAXVJINK
PBASONPETMODS
EALTWEELREPEL
DNOILVROUWTRY
YPERSEAGELYAM
VESKERREPEISOYA
GPALYBISRORTS
LOBIERATONERO
YCASCONISIBEN
MYETHOURICAKE
FMALARRAKIBUM
OATAPENDHOOLY
BSHREWSOSSOES

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Session 1960-61

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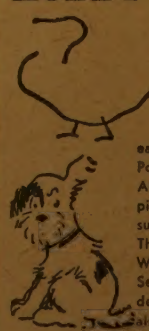
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